

# BLUE BOLT

JUNE

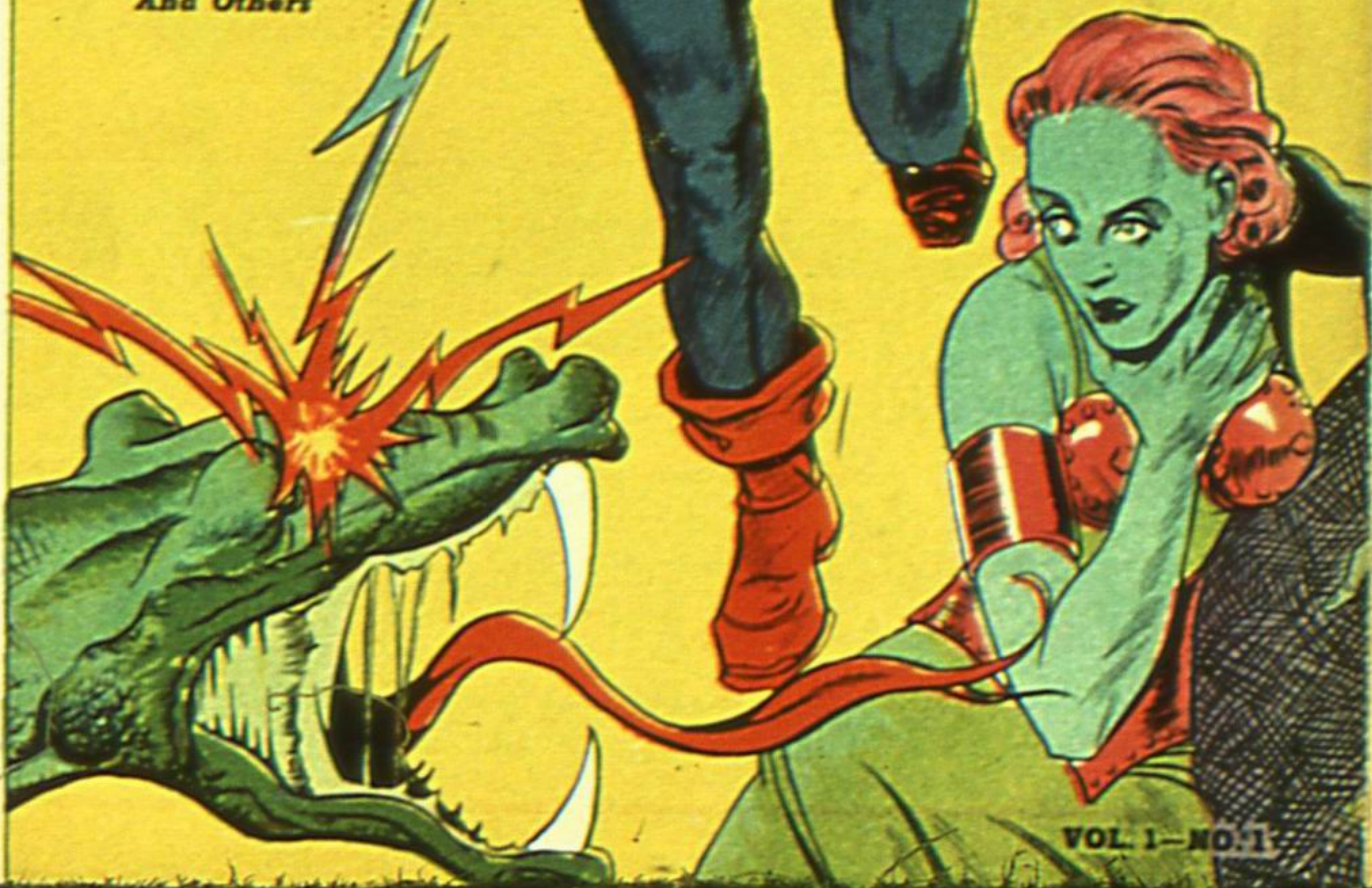
10<sup>c</sup>

Featuring:

## BLUE BOLT

SUB-ZERO MAN  
SERGEANT SPOOK  
SUPERHORSE  
PHANTOM SUB  
DICK COLE

*And Others*



VOL. 1—NO. 1





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# SAVE THE COUPON BELOW FOR FREE PRIZES

## BLUE BOLT—like Target

wants you for a regular reader—so like Target we are going to give you free prizes just for reading BLUE BOLT

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FOR THIS ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT ONLY, THE COUPON IS WORTH JUST DOUBLE THE VALUE OF COUPONS IN OTHER ISSUES.

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This offer is void in any state or municipality where the redemption of coupons is prohibited, taxed, or restricted.



# BLUE BOLT

By  
JOE SIMON

THE  
HUMAN  
LIGHTNING  
STREAK



FRED PARRISH, HARVARD FOOTBALL STAR, AND TWO COMPANIONS, ON VACATION, ARE PRACTICING PUNTING ON A SECLUDED MOUNTAIN ESTATE..

A SUDDEN STORM BREAKS OUT..

LET'S RUN FOR IT, FELLAS.. UNDER THAT TREE!



LAST ONE UNDER IS A PUNK!



SUDDENLY THE COMRADES ARE DEAFENED BY A DAZZLING BOLT OF LIGHTNING. IT STRIKES SQUARELY AT THE TREE AND SHIMMERS DOWN TO THE ATHLETES



THEY-THEY'RE DEAD! I WONDER IF I AM-I-CAN'T SEEM TO THINK!



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RIGHT, 1940, BY FUNNIES, INCORPORATED, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A. PRICE 10 CENTS PER COPY. SUBSCRIP-  
TION PRICE \$2.00 PER YEAR. APPLICATION FOR ENTRY AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
IS PENDING. NO ACTUAL PERSON IS NAMED OR DELINEATED IN THIS MAGAZINE.





I'VE GOT TO  
GET HELP...MY PLANE!  
IT'S THE ONLY  
CHANCE!



NOW - IF I CAN  
GET CLEAR OF  
THESE MOUNTAINS!

FRED FORCES HIS PAIN-RACKED BODY  
INTO THE COCK-PIOT-MECHANICALLY, HIS  
UNFEELING HANDS START THE ENGINE.

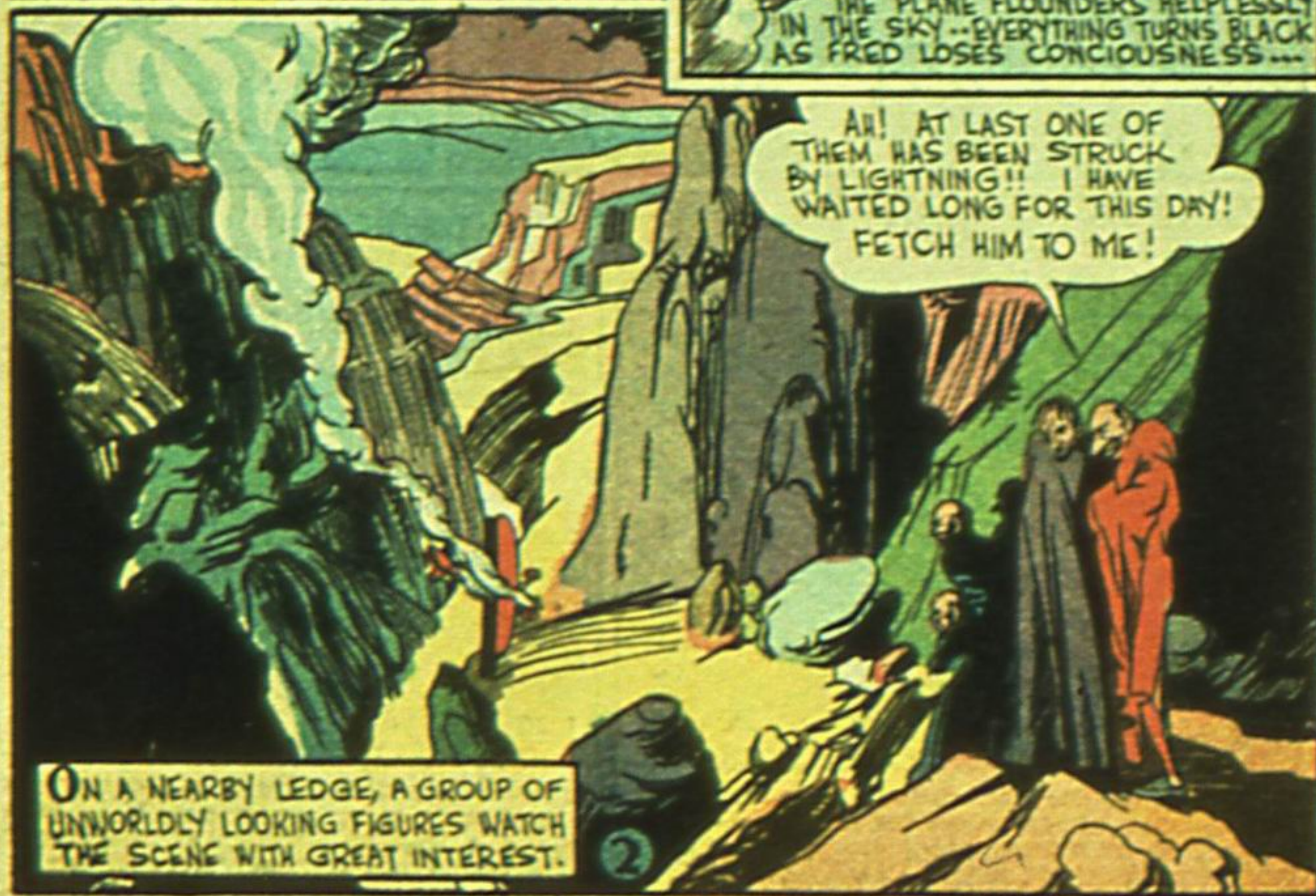


FUNNY -  
THE COMPASS,  
IT JUST WHIRLS  
AND POINTS  
NOWHERE!

STRAIGHT INTO THE  
HEART OF THE STORM,  
THE DAZED PILOT SENDS  
HIS THROBBING PLANE...  
UP - UP - UP



SNAKE-LIKE BOLTS OF  
LIGHTNING LASH OUT  
AT THE SMALL CRAFT...  
THE PLANE FLOUNDERS HELPLESSLY  
IN THE SKY - EVERYTHING TURNS BLACK  
AS FRED LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS...



AH! AT LAST ONE OF  
THEM HAS BEEN STRUCK  
BY LIGHTNING!! I HAVE  
WAITED LONG FOR THIS DAY!  
FETCH HIM TO ME!

ON A NEARBY LEDGE, A GROUP OF  
UNWORLDLY LOOKING FIGURES WATCH  
THE SCENE WITH GREAT INTEREST.





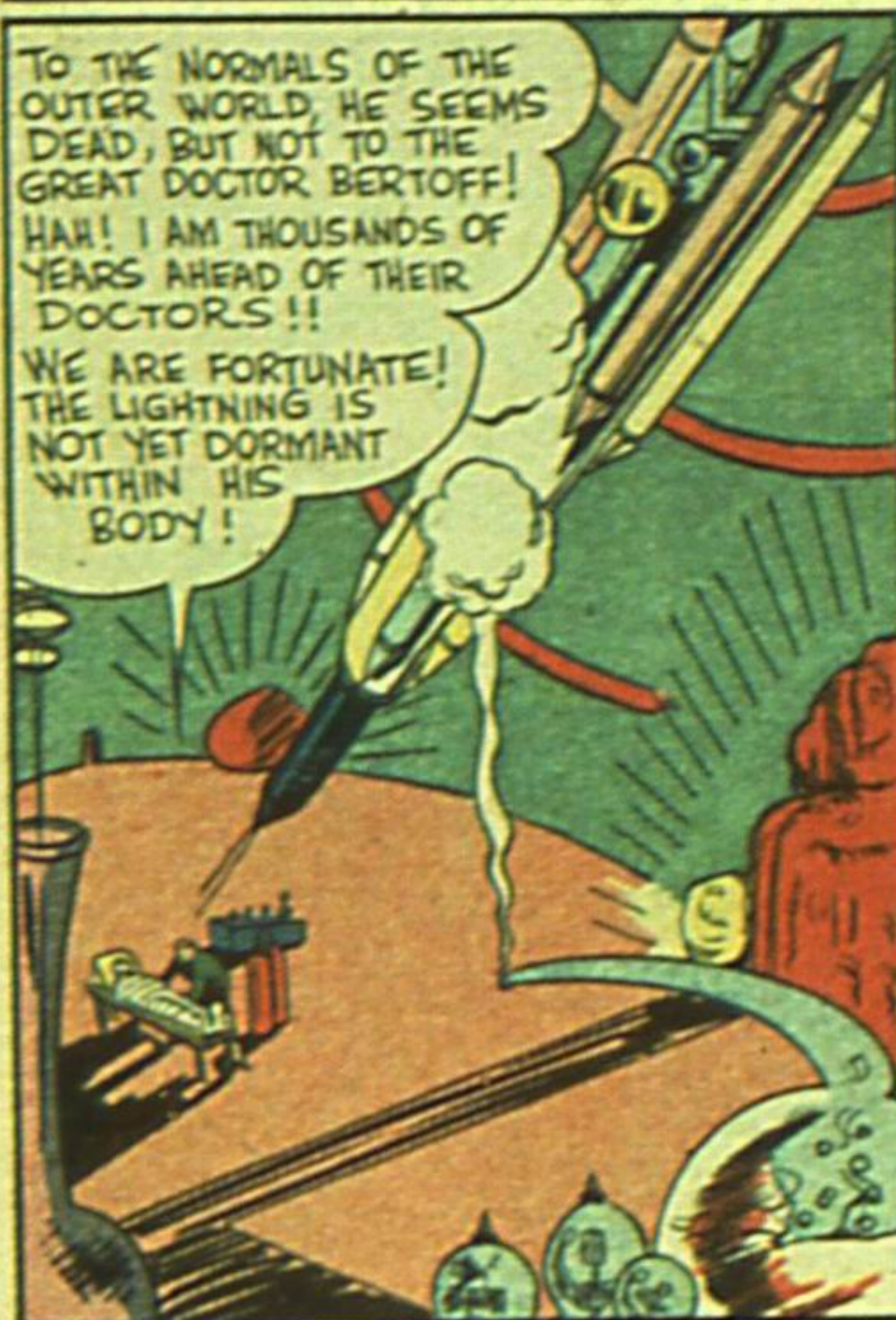
IT IS MIRACULOUS...  
HE IS IN ONE PIECE



DEEP DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH,  
THE WEIRD PROCESSION WENDS ITS WAY...  
THEY HALT AT THE ENTRANCE TO A FANTASTIC  
LABORATORY...THE LIMP FORM IS LAID  
ON AN OPERATING TABLE...BRILLIANT  
RADIANT ROCKS GLEAM ALL ABOUT THE ROOM.

TO THE NORMALS OF THE  
OUTER WORLD, HE SEEMS  
DEAD, BUT NOT TO THE  
GREAT DOCTOR BERTOFT!  
HAH! I AM THOUSANDS OF  
YEARS AHEAD OF THEIR  
DOCTORS!!

WE ARE FORTUNATE!  
THE LIGHTNING IS  
NOT YET DORMANT  
WITHIN HIS  
BODY!



I HAVE CAPTURED THE POWERS OF THE  
LIGHTNING AND HAVE CHEMICALLY  
HARNESSED THEM IN YOUR  
BEING WITH THE AID OF  
MY RADIUM DEPOSITS...

WITH THESE  
POWERS, YOU  
SHALL LEAD MY  
LEGIONS AGAINST  
THOSE OF THE  
GREEN SORCERESS.



SHE IS DESCENDED FROM A LONG LINE  
OF THOSE WHO PRACTICE THE BLACK MAGIC  
SUCH AS THE WORLD WOULD NEVER BELIEVE  
POSSIBLE...MANY YEARS AGO, I LEARNED  
OF HER EVIL INTENTS TO ENSLAVE THE  
WORLD, PRINCIPALLY BY  
EMPLOYING THESE RADIUM  
DEPOSITS. FOR YEARS  
I HAVE SECRETED MYSELF  
HERE TO COMBAT HER...



YOU, BLUE BOLT,  
SHALL CARRY ON  
WHERE I HAVE  
FAILED!



THE FOOL!! TO THINK  
THAT HE CAN MATCH  
HIS POWERS  
AGAINST THE CUNNING  
OF THE GREEN  
SORCERESS!!



— BUT HE  
IS  
VERY  
HANDSOME!

FAR AWAY, THE GREEN SORCERESS WATCHES...



INFURIATED BY THE PROFESSOR'S LATEST THREAT, THE GREEN SORCERESS DETERMINES TO STRIKE FIRST.

WITH A SAVAGE ATTACK OF THE HEAT RAYS, SHE QUICKLY MOBILIZES HER QUEER LEGIONS FOR A KILLING THRUST...

I HAVE TRIFLED LONG ENOUGH WITH THE MAD SCIENTIST AND HIS MISSIONARY WAYS! MAN THE RAYS!

AS YOU COMMAND, HIGHNESS!



AS THE POWERFUL HEAT RAYS BEAT UPON THE MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD, EVERYTHING IN ITS WAY MELTS AND SHRIVELS...THE ENTIRE MOUNTAIN-SIDE SEEMS TO BE AFIRE...

THE DEVIL! SHE MUST HAVE PERFECTED SOME NEW INFERNAL MACHINE! I CAN'T BREATHE!



SOON THE EFFECTS OF THE RAY REACH INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE LABORATORY...



BUT THE NEWLY ENDOWED POWERS OF LIGHTNING ARE NOT TO BE DENIED...WITH A MIGHTY LUNGE, BLUE BOLT HURLS HIMSELF AND THE SCIENTIST INTO SPACE, HIS LIGHTNING GUN BLAZING OPENINGS AHEAD



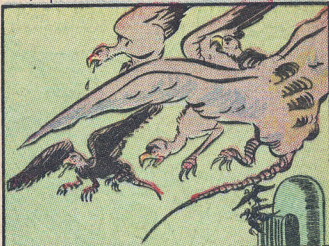
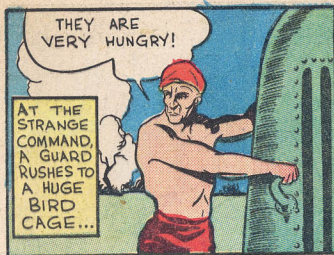
THIS WILL FIX YOUR FIENDISH MACHINES!



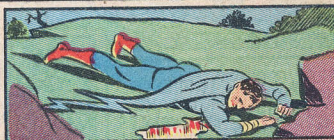
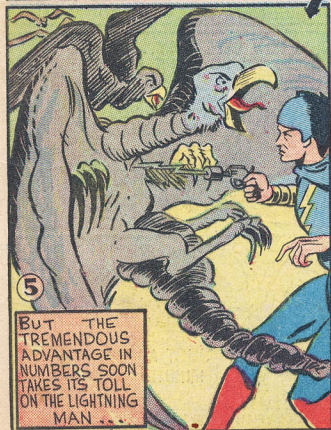
MY RAYS!! HE IS RUINING MY GREAT INVENTION! RELEASE THE BIRDS! THEY WILL STOP HIM!

SOON THE GREEN SORCERESS FEELS THE AMAZING POWERS OF BLUE BOLT!

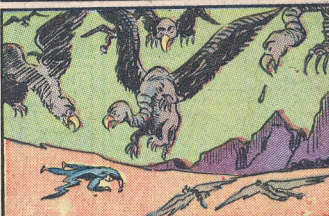




AS THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, THE SKY IS DARKENED BY MONSTROUS WINGED CREATURES. THEY SWOOP DOWN ON BLUE BOLT...

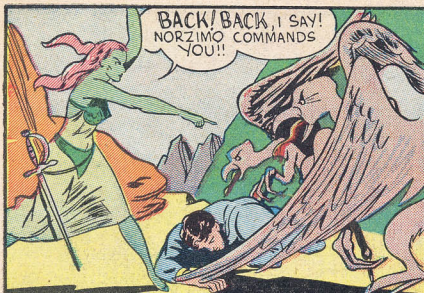


AND HE IS FELLED BY TERRIBLE THRUSTS FROM IRON TALONS...



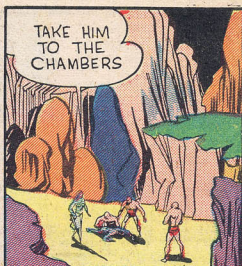
THE MONSTERS SWOOP DOWN TO DEAL THE DEATH BLOW... THEN---





BACK/BACK, I SAY!  
NORZIMO COMMANDS  
YOU!!

FEARLESSLY, THE SORCERESS RUSHES AT THE MONSTERS.  
THEY HESITATE FOR A MOMENT AND THEN RETREAT..

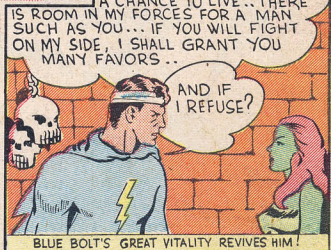


TAKE HIM  
TO THE  
CHAMBERS

AS THE BIRDS OBEY HER,  
THE GREEN SORCERESS COMMANDS!



HE IS SO HANDSOME  
BUT HE AWAKENS!  
I MUST NOT LET  
HIM FIND ME  
LIKE THIS..



I HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU  
A CHANCE TO LIVE..THERE  
IS ROOM IN MY FORCES FOR A MAN  
SUCH AS YOU... IF YOU WILL FIGHT  
ON MY SIDE, I SHALL GRANT YOU  
MANY FAVORS..

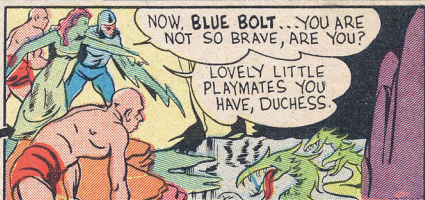
AND IF  
I REFUSE?

BLUE BOLT'S GREAT VITALITY REVIVES HIM!



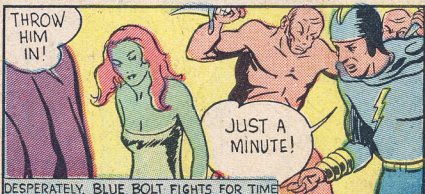
THEN, FOOL,  
YOU SHALL BE  
FED TO THE  
DRAGONS!

I PREFER  
TO TAKE  
MY CHANCES  
WITH THEM!



NOW, BLUE BOLT...YOU ARE  
NOT SO BRAVE, ARE YOU?

LOVELY LITTLE  
PLAYMATES YOU  
HAVE, DUCHESS.

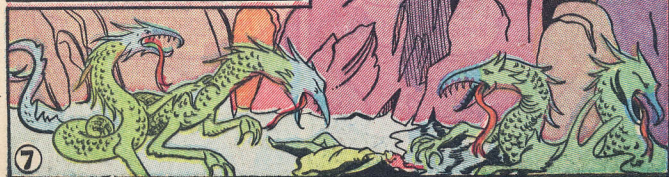
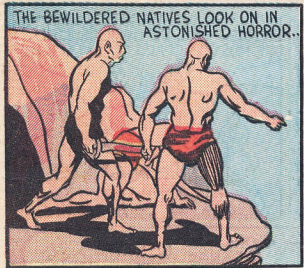
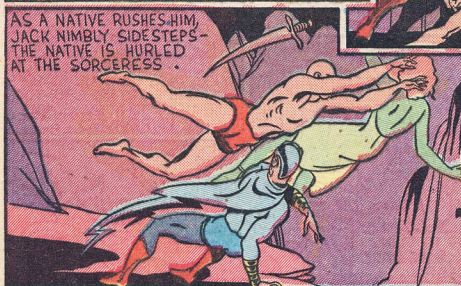
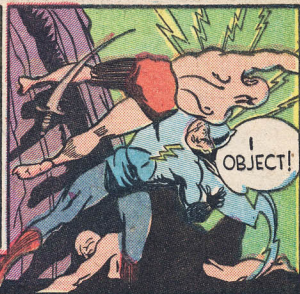
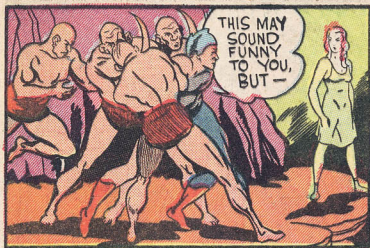


THROW  
HIM  
IN!

JUST A  
MINUTE!

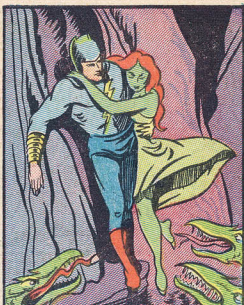
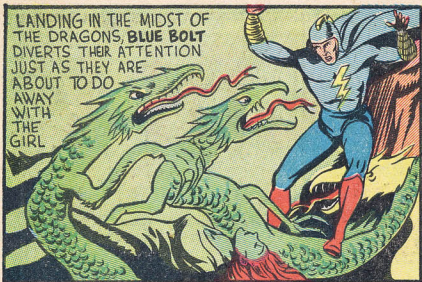
DESPERATELY, BLUE BOLT FIGHTS FOR TIME



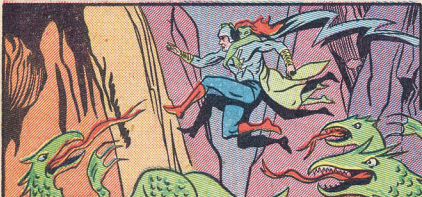




LANDING IN THE MIDST OF THE DRAGONS, **BLUE BOLT** DIVERTS THEIR ATTENTION JUST AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO DO AWAY WITH THE GIRL



HE PICKS HER UP AND SLOWLY BACKS AWAY FROM THE HIDEOUS CREATURES WHO ARE STILL TOO SURPRISED TO ATTACK... THE GIRL IS REVIVED...



INSTRUCTING THE SORCESSOR TO TWINE HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK, **BLUE BOLT** TAKES OFF IN A MIGHTY LEAP...



YOU'LL NOT BE TOO HARD ON HER?

AH, BUT SHE IS WICKED, MY BOY..

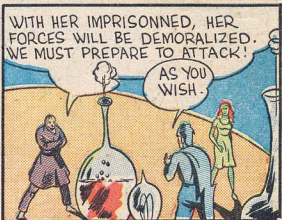
HE KEEPS GOING PAST THE SORCESSOR'S STRONGHOLD AND DELIVERS HER TO THE PROFESSOR, WHO IS BUSILY ENGAGED AT REPAIRING HIS LABORATORY.



WHY, SHE'S DISAPPEARED! IT-IT'S INCREDIBLE!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

TURNING TO SEIZE THE SORCESSOR, **BLUE BOLT** SEES ONLY A GREEN CLOUD WHERE SHE STOOD..



WITH HER IMPRISONED, HER FORCES WILL BE DEMORALIZED. WE MUST PREPARE TO ATTACK!

AS YOU WISH.



GONE — BUT I HAVE A STRANGE PREMONITION THAT SHE WILL RETURN — — AND MORE VENGEFUL THAN EVER!

**BLUE BOLT** STRIKES AGAIN! NEXT ISSUE!



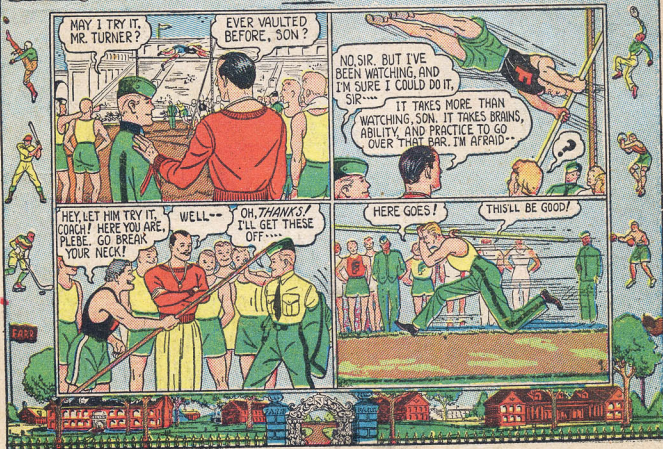
# DICK COLE

## WONDER-BOY

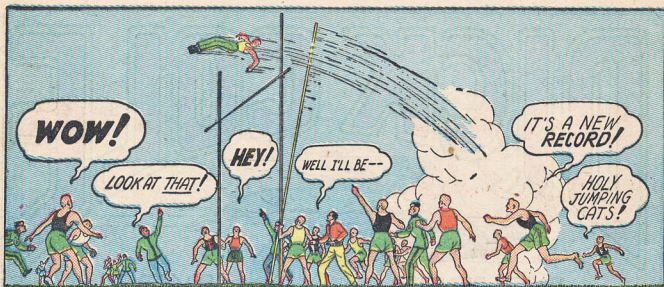
By  
Bob Davis -



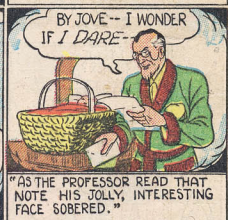
INTRODUCING THAT WONDER  
BOY OF AMERICAN YOUTH—DICK  
COLE—THE NEWEST, MOST START-  
LING CHARACTER IN ACTION PICT-  
URE MAGAZINES. THE STORY OF  
THIS SUPER BOY OPENS AT FARR  
MILITARY ACADEMY WHERE ---







"IT BELONGED TO A KINDLY AND WELL-KNOWN SCIENTIST, NAMED PROFESSOR BLAIR."



THE NOTE READ:

Dear Professor Blair:  
I know you have developed a method of raising a child so that he will become a perfect specimen of manhood. My talvis father is dead, and I have no means of caring for him. I beg you to keep him--and make him the finest man in the world! His name is Richard Cote --





"I STAYED ON WITH THE PROFESSOR, AND BEFORE I WAS THREE MONTHS OLD, HE HAD ALREADY BEGUN INJECTING ME WITH SPECIAL VITAMIN SERUMS."

BY GOLLY, THESE INJECTIONS ARE SHOWING RESULTS ALREADY! HIS FIRST TEETH ARE COMING IN! ....

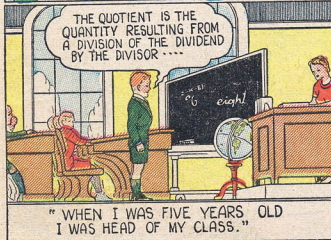
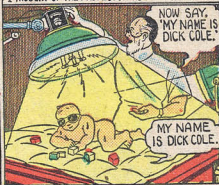


COME ON THERE, OLD MAN-- COME AND GET IT. THREE STEPS MORE!



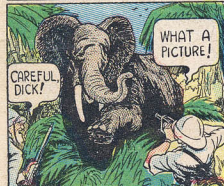
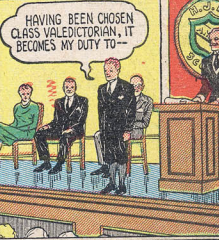
"AT SIX MONTHS I HAD STARTED WALKING. MY SPECIAL DIET WAS WORKING WONDERS."

"MY TREATMENT INCLUDED EXPOSURE TO VARIOUS COMBINATIONS OF RAYS, FROM ULTRA-VIOLET TO GAMMA. WHEN I WAS A YEAR OLD, I COULD TALK AS WELL AS A THREE YEAR OLD. I THOUGHT OF THE PROFESSOR AS MY FATHER."



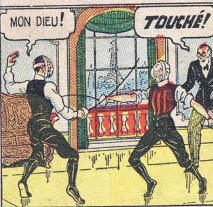
"WHEN I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD I WAS HEAD OF MY CLASS."

"AT TEN I GRADUATED FROM JUNIOR HIGH WITH TOP HONORS."



"AFTER I GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL AT TWELVE, PROFESSOR BLAIR TOOK ME ABROAD FOR FIVE YEARS-- IN AFRICA--"

"MY ATHLETIC TRAINING WAS NOT NEGLECTED .... IN FRANCE --"



"I TOOK TO SPORTS QUICKLY. IN SWITZERLAND--"

"MY EDUCATION CONTINUED--"

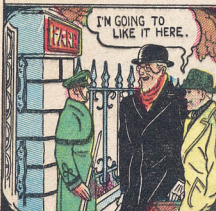


"WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN, WE CAME HOME. AS WE DOCKED, THE PROFESSOR--"





"AND SO I WAS ENTERED AT FARR--"



AND HERE I AM!



YES, SIR. BUT--

WHAT WAS IT ALL ABOUT? THE REPORTERS COULDN'T LOCATE YOU AFTERWARDS.



WOW! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING-- AND FAST!



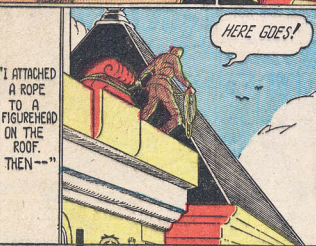
"THERE WAS A MADMAN UP THERE, HOLDING A CRYING BABY, AND JUST ABOUT READY TO--"



"I SHOT INTO THE BUILDING--"

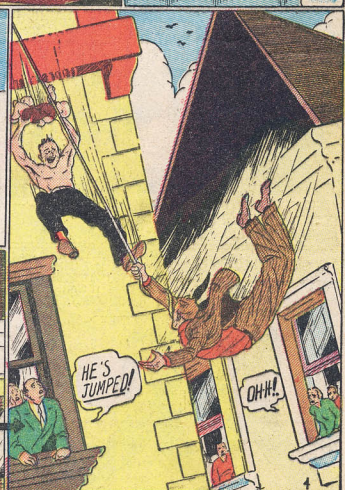
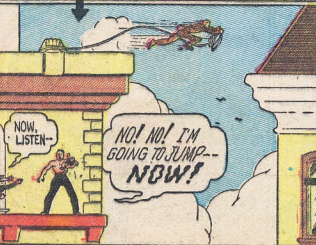


"I ATTACHED A ROPE TO A FIGUREHEAD ON THE ROOF. THEN--"

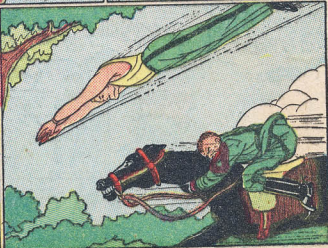
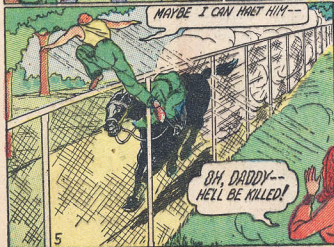
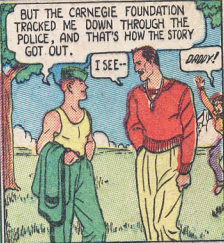
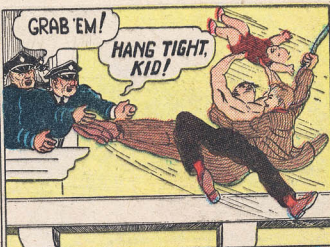
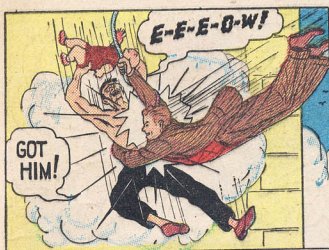


NOW, LISTEN--

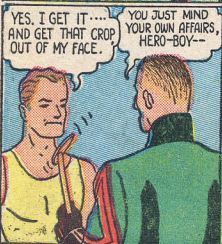
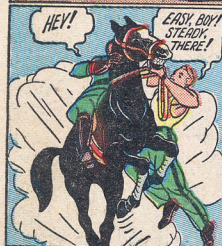
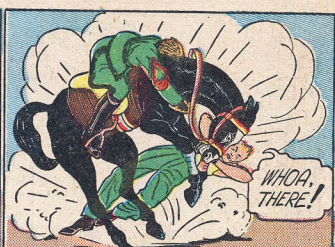
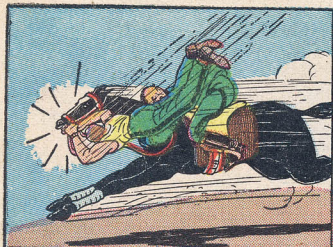
NO! NO! I'M GOING TO JUMP-- NOW!











FOLLOW THE  
ADVENTURES OF  
**DICK COLE**  
IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE  
of  
**THIS MAGAZINE**

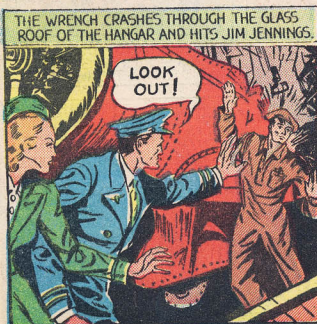
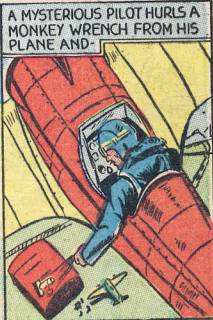


# PAGE PARKS

## AIR HOSTESS

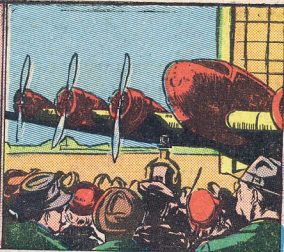
AFTER A LONG AND BITTER FIGHT, TRANS-AIR CORPORATION HAS WON THE RIGHT TO BE THE FIRST TO FLY THE INTERNATIONAL MAIL ON A NON-STOP FLIGHT FROM LOS ANGELES TO PORTUGAL. THEIR NEW SUB-STRATOSPHERE PLANE, COMMANDED BY CHUCK DAWSON WITH JIM JENNINGS AS CO-PILOT AND BEAUTIFUL PAGE PARKS AS HOSTESS, IS BEING FUELED FOR THE RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT. THEY DISCUSS THE IMPENDING FLIGHT.

By William Rowland  
Ray Gill



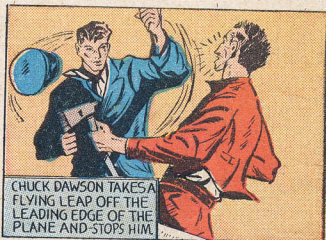


THE BIG SHIP  
HAS BEEN  
ROLLED INTO  
POSITION AND  
IT IS ONLY A  
MATTER OF  
MINUTES  
UNTIL IT  
TAKES OFF  
ON A FLIGHT  
THAT WILL  
MAKE  
HISTORY.



SUDDENLY, A MAN, ARMED WITH A LARGE AX, BREAKS THROUGH AND RACES MADLY TOWARD THE DELICATE CONTROLLABLE-PITCH PROPELLORS.

FROM THE WINDOW, DIRECTLY ABOVE THE MOTORS, PAGE PARKS SHOTS A STREAM OF LIQUID INTO THE MADMAN'S FACE AND—



CHUCK DAWSON TAKES A FLYING LEAP OFF THE LEADING EDGE OF THE PLANE AND STOPS HIM.

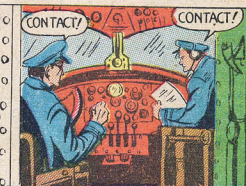


WELL YOU SURE GOT HIM THAT TIME, HOW DID YOU DO IT? WHAT WAS THAT STUFF?

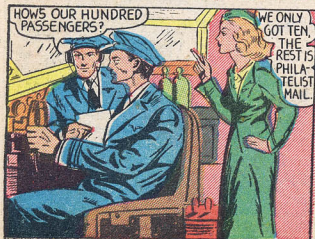
THAT'S A TRICK I LEARNED WHEN I HAD TO SQUELCH A FRESH GUY ONCE! IT WAS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER!

YOU SURE COOLED HIM.

THE TWO PILOTS SEATED IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE GREAT SHIP WATCH THE FIELD TOWER FOR THE SIGNAL TO TAKE OFF.



JIM JENNINGS, THE CO-PILOT THROWS THE SWITCH AND THE INERTIA STARTER TURNS OVER THE TWELVE SUPER-CHARGED ENGINES THEY'RE OFF!



HOWS OUR HUNDRED PASSENGERS?

WE ONLY GOT TEN, THE REST IS PHILATELIST MAIL.

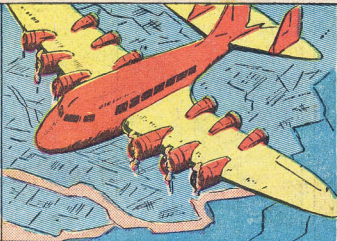


WHAT? WHERE'S MY PARACHUTE? I'M NOT GOING TO FLY ANYTHING PHONEY!

TAKE IT EASY, JIM! A PHILATELIST IS ONLY A STAMP COLLECTOR.



AT 25,000 FEET, THE GREAT SHIP HURTLÉS THROUGH THE SUB STRATO- SPHERE AT 350 MILES PER HOUR.



HELLO, MISS PARKS IS EVERYBODY COMFORT- TABLE? (TOUGH LOOKING BUNCH EH?)

YES, MR. DAWSON, EVERYBODY IS COMFORT- ABLE-I HOPE!



BUT A HALF HOUR LATER-

MAY I TROUBLE YOU-FOR YOUR SHIP??

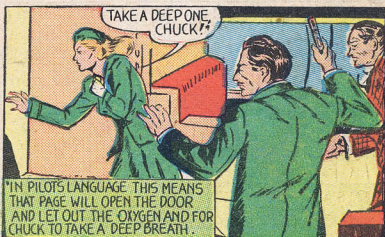


HERE'S ONE FOR YOU, DIRK STEVENS!

CHUCK LEAPS IN, FISTS FLY- ING, AS-



PAGE GOES TO WORK WITH HER FIRE EXTINGUISHER THEN-



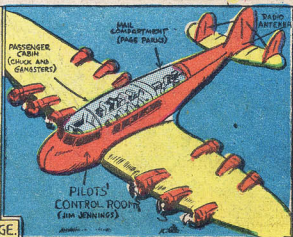
TAKE A DEEP ONE, CHUCK!?

IN PILOTS LANGUAGE THIS MEANS THAT PAGE WILL OPEN THE DOOR AND LET OUT THE OXYGEN AND FOR CHUCK TO TAKE A DEEP BREATH.

PAGE THROWS OPEN THE DOOR AND JUMPS INTO THE MAIL COMPARTMENT DIRECTLY BEHIND HER. EACH OF THE PLANES THREE COMPARTMENTS IS SEPARATELY CONDITIONED WITH OXYGEN.



THE FORCE OF THE GAS LEAVING THE SHIP CAUSED THE DOOR OF THE PILOT'S CHAMBER TO SLAM SHUT, PROVIDING A SEALED AIR TIGHT COMPARTMENT FOR JIM JENNINGS. THE MAIL ROOM IS A HAVEN FOR PAGE.



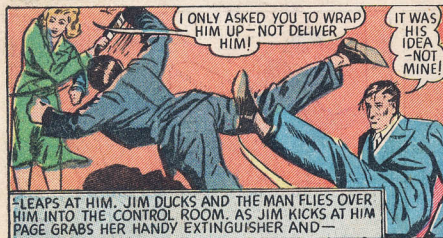
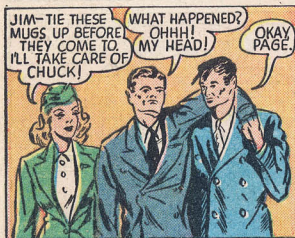
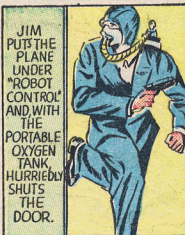
PASSENGER CABIN (CHUCK AND GANSTER)

MAIL COMPARTMENT (PAGE PARKS)

RADIO ANTENNA

PILOTS' CONTROL ROOM (JIM JENNINGS)







# THE SUB-ZERO MAN

LARRY ANTONETTE

FOR MANY YEARS THE SCIENTISTS OF THE PLANET VENUS HAVE ATTEMPTED TO REACH THE EARTH WITH THEIR POWERFUL ATOM SHIPS... FINALLY A SUPER-ATOM SHIP ZOOMS THROUGH SPACE WELL ON THE WAY TOWARD THE EARTH...

SUDDENLY, AS THEY NEAR THE EARTH, A GREAT FROZEN ASTEROID SWIRLS INTO THEIR PATH...

QUICK... STOP THE SHIP OR WE'LL CRASH!!

AT OUR SPEED IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP! WE'RE GOING TO HIT... HOLD TIGHT!!

THE SHIP PLUNGES HEADLONG INTO THE ASTEROID...

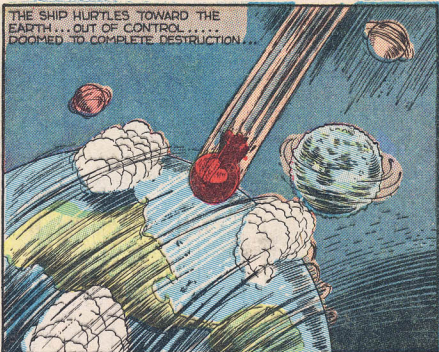
... BUT INSTEAD OF BEING A SOLID, THE ASTEROID PROVES TO BE A MASS OF FROZEN GAS AND THE SHIP PASSES THROUGH UNHARMED BUT HEAVILY COATED WITH ICE...



INSIDE THE SHIP THE INTENSE COLD HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL.... EVERY MAN IS FROZEN STIFF...

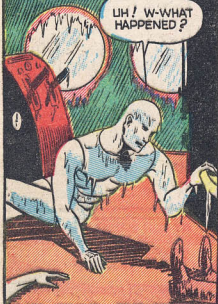


THE SHIP HURTTLES TOWARD THE EARTH... OUT OF CONTROL..... DOOMED TO COMPLETE DESTRUCTION...



FINALLY ONE MAN IN THE CONTROL ROOM SEEMS TO MOVE...

UH! W-WHAT HAPPENED?

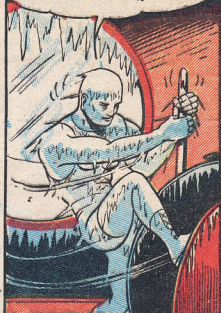


HE STAGGERS TO THE WINDOW...

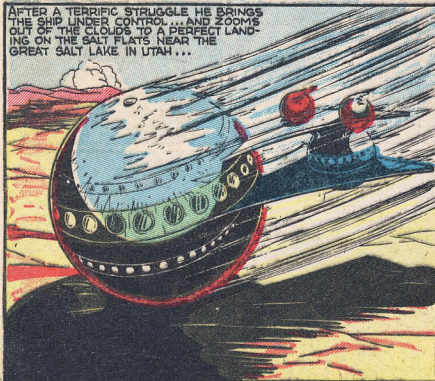
IT'S THE EARTH! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH! I'VE GOT TO GET THIS SHIP UNDER CONTROL!



THE LEVERS WON'T WORK! THEY'RE FROZEN! EVERYTHING I TOUCH FREEZES! I'VE GOT TO LAND THIS SHIP SOMEHOW... I'VE GOT TO!!!



AFTER A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE HE BRINGS THE SHIP UNDER CONTROL... AND ZOOMS OUT OF THE CLOUDS TO A PERFECT LANDING ON THE SALT FLATS NEAR THE GREAT SALT LAKE IN UTAH...



WHEW... I MADE IT... THE FIRST VENUSIAN SHIP TO LAND ON THE EARTH!





HE GOES THROUGH THE SHIP  
TRYING TO WAKE UP HIS COMPANIONS

THEY'RE  
DEAD...  
**FROZEN!**

THERE'S A  
HOUSE OVER THERE ...  
I'LL GO AND GET  
HELP!

SOMEBODY'S  
INSIDE, ALRIGHT!

SUDDENLY A COLD BLAST WHIPS  
THROUGH PROFESSOR ABBOT'S  
SECLUDED LABORATORY...

IT'S BEEN  
HOT AS BLAZES ALL DAY,  
AND NOW THIS FREEZING  
WIND... IT'S AMAZING!

MY... WHAT A  
TERRIBLY COLD  
BREEZE, AND IT SOUNDS  
LIKE THE NORTH  
WIND!

ALL SET, DOCTOR?  
WE'LL TRY THE ATOMIC RAY  
ONCE MORE, THEN INVESTIGATE  
THIS COLD WAVE ...  
HERE GOES!

AT THAT MOMENT THE VENUSIAN  
BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR...

LOOK OUT!  
YOU'LL BE  
KILLED!!

... TOO LATE ... THE VENUSIAN STOPS DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF THE  
ATOMIC RAY, AND HE CHANGES FROM FREEZING COLD TO NORMAL

WHY HE'S STILL  
ALIVE ... AND HE'S LOST  
THAT BLUE-WHITE  
COLOR!

I'M FROM VENUS!  
I JUST LANDED OUTSIDE YOUR  
LABORATORY!

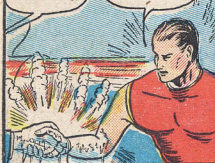
I'M PROFESSOR  
ABBOT! I'D LIKE TO  
SHAKE HANDS WITH  
A MAN FROM  
VENUS!



AS THE VENUSIAN REACHES OUT HIS HAND IT TURNS BLUE-WHITE...

MY HAND...IT'S FROZEN!!

GLAD TO MEET... OH, I'M SORRY!



QUICKLY THE PROFESSOR PUTS HIS HAND IN THE ATOMIC RAY AND IT RETURNS TO NORMAL...

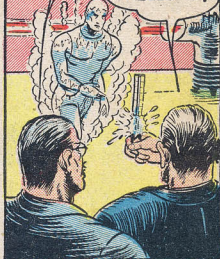
THERE, MY HAND'S ALL RIGHT AGAIN!



THE PROFESSOR ASKS HIM TO STEP AWAY FROM THE RAY FOR A MINUTE...

LOOK...DOCTOR, HE'S TURNED COLD AGAIN! HE'S CHANGED THIS ROOM TO SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURE!

YES, THIS THERMOMETER JUST BROKE... GET BACK IN THE RAY...YOU'LL FREEZE US!



BACK IN THE RAY HE TELLS HIS STORY...

... AND AFTER I LANDED HERE I FIND THAT EVERYTHING I TOUCH FREEZES AND DISINTEGRATES FROM THE COLD... ONLY UNDER THIS RAY AM I NORMAL!

MOST AMAZING... A SUB-ZERO MAN!

THERE MUST BE OTHERS IN THE SHIP! LET'S LOOK!



THEY'RE DEAD... ALL DEAD!

WE BETTER NOTIFY THE POLICE!



IN SHORT ORDER THE POLICE SHOW UP...

WHERE ARE THE BODIES, PROFESSOR?

IN THE SHIP... I'LL SHOW YOU!



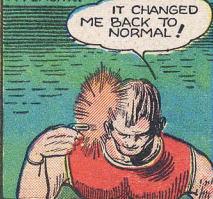
SEEING THE POLICE THE SUB-ZERO MAN MISTAKES THEIR INTENTIONS

THEY THINK I MURDERED MY COMPANIONS... I'LL END IT ALL WITH THIS ATOM GUN!



HE PASSES THE CONTROL AND THE ATOM GUN RESPONDS WITH A FLASH...

IT CHANGED ME BACK TO NORMAL!

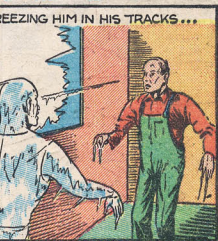
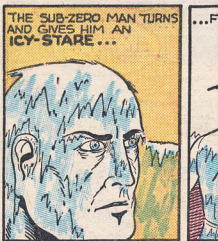
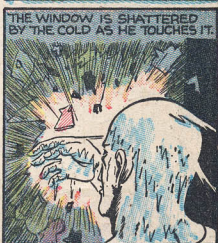
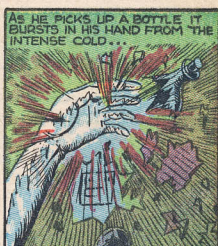


BUT A MINUTE LATER HE IS THE SUB-ZERO MAN AGAIN...

HERE THEY COME!... I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!



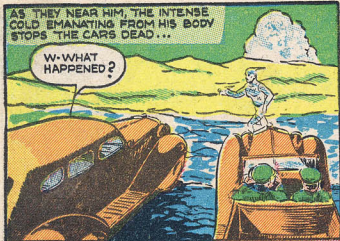




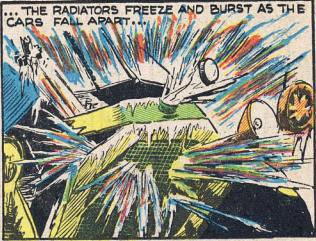


AS THEY NEAR HIM, THE INTENSE COLD EMANATING FROM HIS BODY STOPS THE CARS DEAD...

W-WHAT HAPPENED?

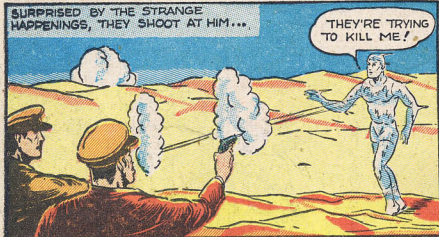


... THE RADIATORS FREEZE AND BURST AS THE CARS FALL APART...



SURPRISED BY THE STRANGE HAPPENINGS, THEY SHOOT AT HIM...

THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME!



... BUT THE COLD CRUMPLES THE BULLETS TO BITS BEFORE THEY REACH HIM...



I'LL RUN AWAY... THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME!



HE STOPS AT THE EDGE OF A LAKE...

WATER... I'LL GET A DRINK!



HE SCOOPS UP WATER IN HIS HANDS...

IT FREEZES AS SOON AS I TOUCH IT!



THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON ME... MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO SWIM THIS LAKE!



THERE HE IS, IN THE LAKE! THE WHOLE LAKE IS FROZEN SOLID!!

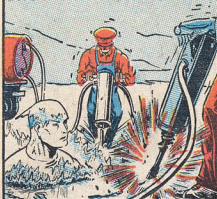
WE'LL HAVE TO CHOP HIM OUT!

I'M CAUGHT... FROZEN IN!

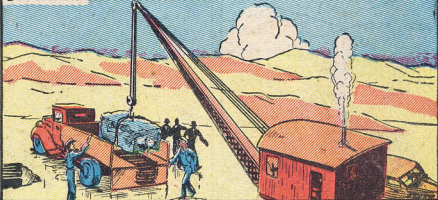




THE ICE IS FROZEN SO SOLID THAT POWERFUL AIR-DRILLS HAVE TO BE USED TO CUT HIM OUT...



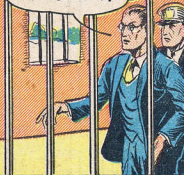
ENCASED IN A BLOCK OF ICE, HE IS LIFTED ONTO A TRUCK WITH THE AID OF A DERRICK...



...AND PLACED IN THE TOWN JAIL...



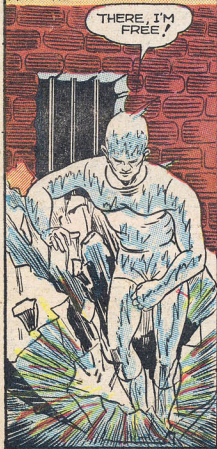
WE'LL LEAVE HIM IN THAT BLOCK OF ICE... THAT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN KEEP HIM SAFELY!



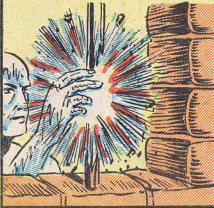
THAT NIGHT THE INTENSE COLD OF THE SUB-ZERO MAN CAUSES THE ICE TO CRACK...



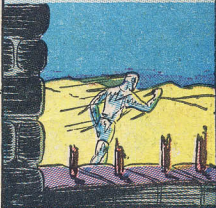
WITH SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH HE EXPANDS HIS MUSCLES AND AND THE ICE BREAKS LOOSE...



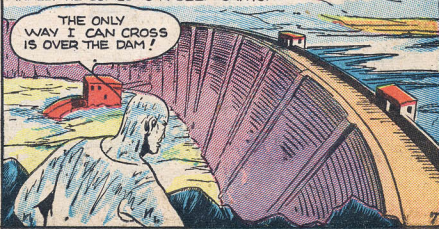
THE IRON BARS CRUMBLE AS HE TOUCHES THEM...



... AND HE SPEEDS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT...

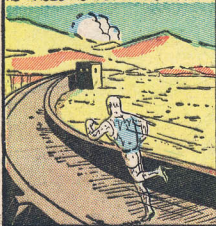


FINALLY HE COMES TO A DEEP CANYON...

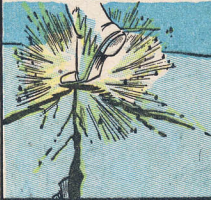




HE RACES ACROSS THE DAM...



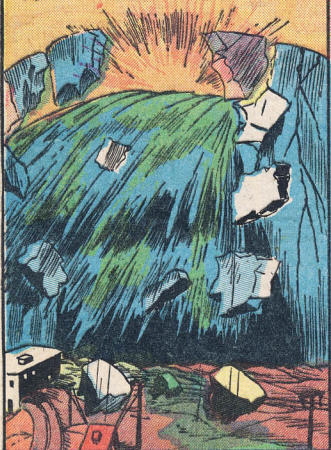
... BUT WITH EACH STEP THE  
CONCRETE CRACKS AND CRUMBLES  
FROM THE INTENSE COLD...



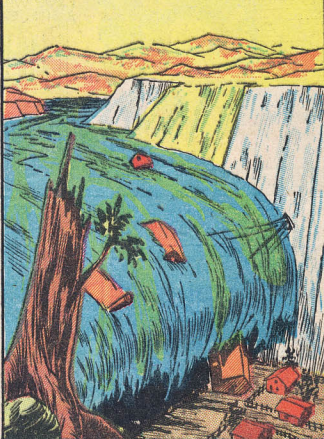
... GREAT CRACKS OPEN UP...



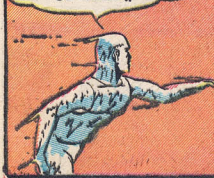
JUST AS HE REACHES THE FAR SIDE  
THE DAM BREAKS LOOSE WITH A ROAR...



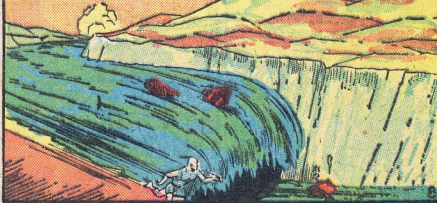
... AND A GREAT WALL OF WATER RUSHES DOWN  
THE VALLEY... CRUSHING EVERYTHING IN ITS  
PATH...



I BROKE THE DAM!  
THERE'S A TOWN IN THE VALLEY!  
I MUST STOP THE WATER OR  
HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE WILL  
BE KILLED!



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT  
HE RACES AHEAD OF THE  
WATER...





HE SUDDENLY TURNS AND DASHES ACROSS THE VALLEY, JUST IN FRONT OF THE ENORMOUS WAVE ... FREEZING IT SOLID!!!



HE GOES BACK AND PATS THE FROZEN WAVE WITH HIS HANDS...

NOW IT'S FROZEN SOLID FOR MILES BACK... IT WILL TAKE MONTHS TO MELT!



AS THE SUB-ZERO MAN RACES INTO TOWN TO WARN THE PEOPLE SEVERAL THIEVES ARE ABOUT TO ROB A JEWELRY STORE...

ALL SET, SPIKE... BREAK THE GLASS!



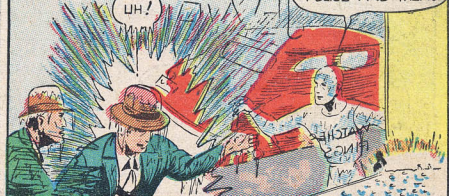
HURRY UP... BR-R-R... IT'S GETTING COLD.....



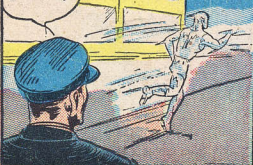
WITH A WAVE OF HIS HAND THE SUB-ZERO-MAN FREEZES THEM...

UH!

THAT'LL HOLD THEM UNTIL THE POLICE FIND THEM!



USING HIS ATOM GUN TO RETURN TO NORMAL, THE SUB-ZERO MAN TELLS HIS STORY TO A POLICEMAN - THEN DASHES OFF. THE GUY'S CRAZY!



W-WHY, THERE'S THE ROBBERS FROZEN STIFF... T-THAT MUST'VE BEEN THE SUB-ZERO MAN WE WERE WARNED ABOUT... GOLLY!!





# SERGEANT



by Malcolm Kildale...



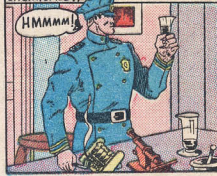
HI-YA, SERGEANT SPOOK? -DID YOU CRACK THE CARRIE CARTER CASE YET?

I'M WORKING ON IT, SON.

SERGEANT SPOOK ENTERS POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND SETS TO WORK ON A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS PERTAINING TO THE DEATH OF AN OLD WOMAN NAMED CARRIE CARTER -WHO HAS BEEN MURDERED.



THOROUGHLY ENGROSSED IN HIS WORK, SERGEANT SPOOK ABSENT MINDEDLY LEANS HIS PIPE AGAINST A RACK CONTAINING VIALS OF CHEMICALS!!



HMMMM!

WHEN SUDDENLY !!



GEE-THAT'S ME LYING THERE!-I'M DEAD-AND YET I FEEL ALL RIGHT- BUT I'M TRANSPARENT!!

WHY-WHY-I MUST BE A GHOST!!!



THE MEN IN THE BUILDING RUSH TO AID SERGEANT SPOOK, BUT THEY'RE TOO LATE!



GREAT SCOTT! HE'S DEAD!



SERGEANT SPOOK SPEAKS BUT TO NO AVAIL, — HE CAN'T BE HEARD! —



I'M O.K. FELLOWS!  
I'M STILL HERE!

HE  
WAS SUCH  
A GREAT  
GUY, TOO!

GRABBING HOLD OF ONE OF HIS  
PAL'S, SPOOK TRIES TO PROVE HE'S  
STILL WITH THEM.

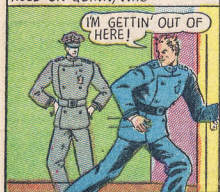


WHAT TH— HELP! SOMETHING'S  
GOT ME! IT'S HOLDING  
ME BACK!

SURE YOU MUST BE IN YOUR CUPS  
QUINN! YE'RE IN THE MIDDLE  
OF THE ROOM, WITH NOTHING  
EVEN NEAR YOU!



REALIZING THE FUTILITY OF HIS  
EFFORTS, SPOOK RELEASES HIS  
HOLD ON QUINN, WHO —



I'M GETTIN' OUT OF  
HERE!



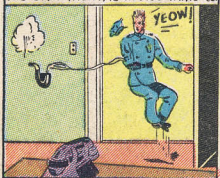
WELL, I GUESS  
I'M 100% SPOOK NOW! —  
NO ONE SEES OR HEARS ME.  
— I'M JUST NOTHING BUT A  
NOTHING. — GUESS I'LL SPEND  
THE NIGHT HERE.

NEXT MORNING —



NOW WHAT WILL I DO?  
JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO  
SOLVE THAT CARRIE CARTER  
CASE, TOO! — WHY-  
THAT'S IT! — I'LL  
KEEP WORKING  
ON IT! —

PICKING UP ONE OF THE MANY OLD  
PIPES HE HAD IN THE LAB, HE  
LAPSES INTO DEEP THOUGHT AND  
HIS OWN MENTAL IMAGE VANISHES.



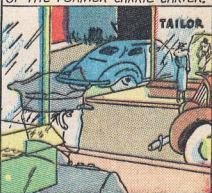
YEOW!

SERGEANT SPOOK, SEEING ALL THE  
COMMOTION HE'S CAUSING, DE-  
CIDES TO LEAVE.



I'D BETTER GET OUT  
OF HERE BEFORE I DRIVE  
THE POLICE DEPARTMENT SCREW!

HEADING DOWNTOWN, SERGEANT  
SPOOK MAKES FOR THE RESIDENCE  
OF THE FORMER CARRIE CARTER.



TAILOR

PONDERING OVER THE MYSTERY,  
SERGEANT SPOOK BUMPS SMACK  
INTO A MAN, KNOCKING HIM DOWN.



WHAT  
TH—!



WHAT HIT  
ME?

ARE YOU  
O.K., MISTER?

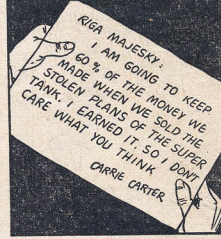
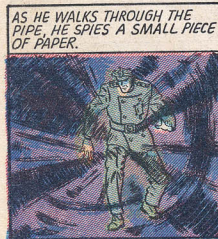
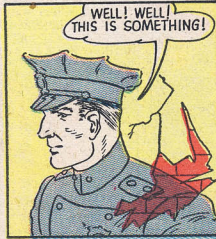
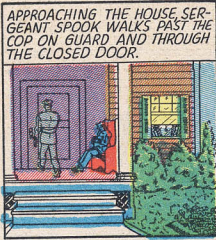


WOO-  
WOO!

WHAT TH—!

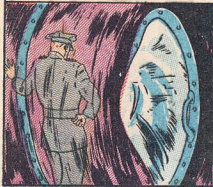
SERGEANT SPOOK APOLOGIZES,  
BUT NO ONE HEARS HIM. BEING A  
GENTLEMAN, HE PICKS UP THE PACK-  
AGE THE MAN HAD DROPPED.  
AND —



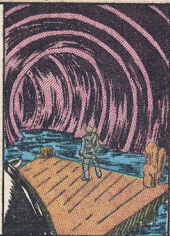




AT THE END OF THE PIPE, SERGEANT SPOOK FINDS A HUGE STEEL DOOR BARRING THE EXIT.



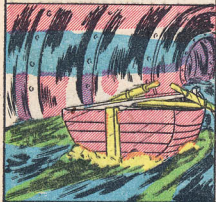
WALKING THROUGH THE DOOR, HE FINDS HIMSELF STANDING ON A SMALL DOCK IN THE CITY SEWER.



HM-M. SOME LAYOUT THIS GANG HAS! GUESS I'LL TAKE THIS BOAT AND FOLLOW THE COURSE OF SEWER.



SERGEANT SPOOK, DEEP IN THOUGHT, ROWS DOWN THE SEWER.

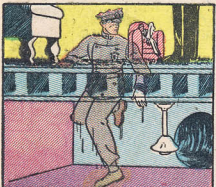
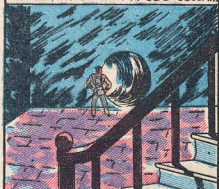


SUDDENLY HE COMES ACROSS ANOTHER DOCK SIMILAR TO THE ONE HE JUST LEFT.

HO! IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN THIS WILL BE THE RESIDENCE OF RIGA MAJESKY.



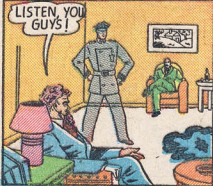
AFTER WALKING THROUGH ANOTHER HUGE PIPE, SERGEANT SPOOK FINDS HIMSELF IN A SUB-CELLAR.



HEARING VOICES DIRECTLY ABOVE HIM, SPOOK LEAPS UP THROUGH THE FLOOR, AND —

—FINDS HIMSELF IN A WELL-DECORATED ROOM OCCUPIED BY RIGA MAJESKY AND HIS GANG.

LISTEN, YOU GUYS!

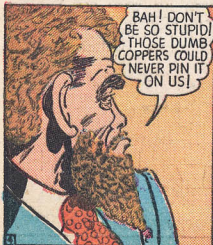


WELL BOYS WE'LL GO AFTER THE PLANS OF THE NEW ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN NEXT.

BUT BOSS, YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO BLOW? IT MIGHT GET TOO HOT AFTER THE WAY WE BUMPED OFF CARRIE!



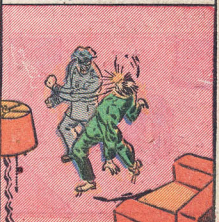
BAH! DON'T BE SO STUPID! THOSE DUMB COPPERS COULD NEVER PIN IT ON US!



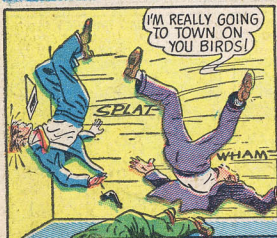
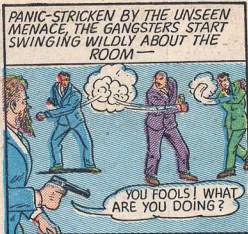
HM-M - SO THAT'S THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS! WELL, GUESS I'D BETTER GET TO WORK ON THIS BUNCH!



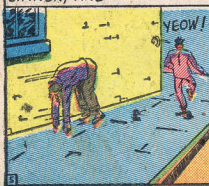
AND SPOOK GOES INTO ACTION!



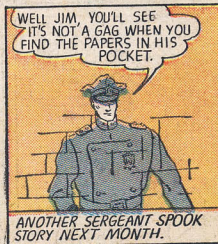




AFTER TIEING UP THE THUGS, SERGEANT SPOOK CARRIES RIGA MAJESKY TO THE POLICE STATION, AND—



—LEAVES HIM ON THE STEPS.





# OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

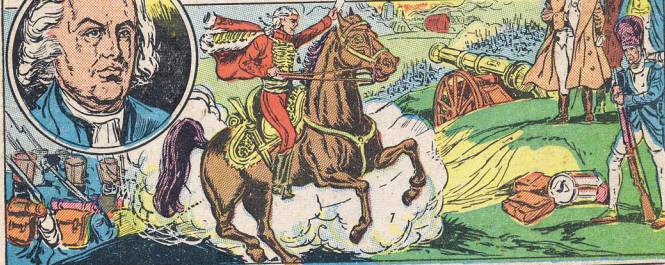
by  
KLE  
FER

CAP, WHO SAID, "DON'T  
GIVE UP THE SHIP!"?

WHEREIN THE OLD LIGHT-  
HOUSE KEEPER LIVES  
OVER THE DAYS OF HIS  
YOUTH AND THE GREAT  
TRADITIONS OF THE SEA IN  
HIS ENDLESS TALES TO JOEY  
—HIS CONSTANT COMPANION.

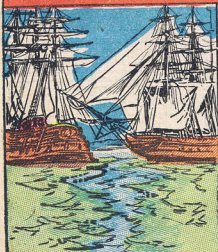


"OUR SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND," SAID OLD CAP HAWKINS,  
"THE WAR OF 1812—HAD ITS ROOTS IN THE NAPOLEONIC  
STRUGGLE. JAMES MADISON WAS OUR PRESIDENT WHEN."



—ENGLAND, DETERMINED TO STARVE OUT NAPOLEON,  
PROCLAIMED A GENERAL EMBARGO, IMPRESSED AMERICAN SAILORS,

AND STIRRED UP THE INDIANS."





"CAPTAIN JOE LAWRENCE, A BRILLIANT NAVAL OFFICER UNDER DECATUR AGAINST THE BARBARY PIRATE, WAS IN COMMAND OF THE FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE WHEN——



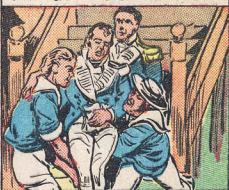
THE CHESAPEAKE WAS ATTACKED BY THE SHANNON.



DURING THE FIGHT, LAWRENCE WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED.



HE WAS CARRIED BELOW WHERE——



---DYING HE UTTERED HIS IMMORTAL PLEA.



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, REALIZING THAT DETROIT COULD NOT BE CAPTURED WHILE ENGLAND CONTROLLED LAKE ERIE, PLANNED TO ATTACK.

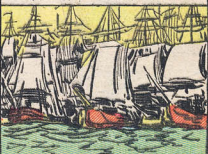


WITH NINE AMERICAN SHIPS HE SET OUT.



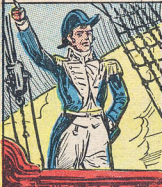
THE BRITISH PREPARED TO FIGHT.

---THOUGH THEIR FLEET WAS SLIGHTLY SMALLER.

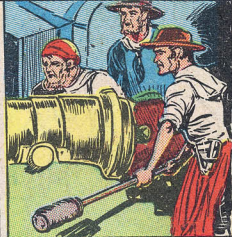
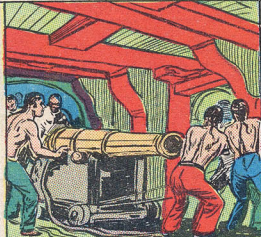




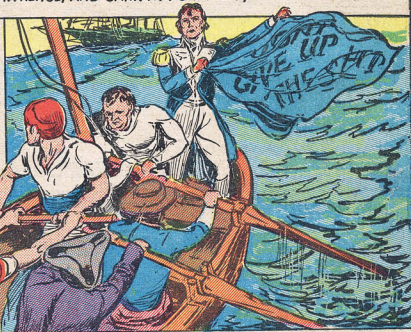
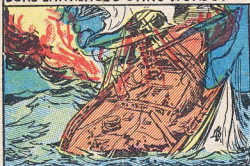
"THE ENCOUNTER KNOWN AS THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE WAS FOUGHT SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1813.



FROM HIS FLAGSHIP, THE LAWRENCE, PERRY ORDERED THE ATTACK.



THE BRITISH CONCENTRATED ON THE LAWRENCE, AND SANK IT. PERRY LEFT, CARRYING A FLAG THAT BORE LAWRENCE'S DYING WORDS.



BOARDING THE NIAGARA HE FOUGHT SO WELL THAT THE BRITISH FLEET SURRENDERED, AND HIS VICTORY MESSAGE - 'WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS!' - WENT DOWN IN HISTORY WITH LAWRENCE'S DRAMATIC 'DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!'

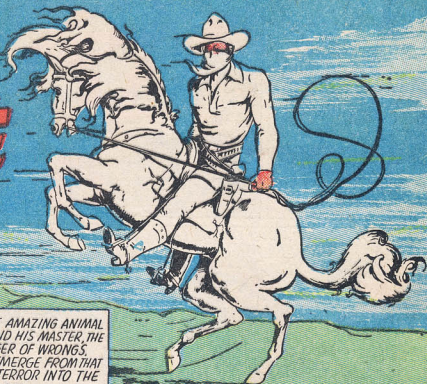




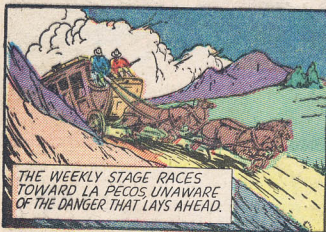
# THE WHITE RIDER

AND HIS

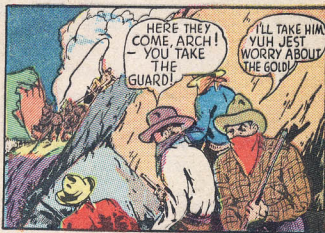
# SUPER HORSE



INTRODUCING SUPERHORSE—THAT AMAZING ANIMAL OF MIGHT AND INTELLIGENCE—AND HIS MASTER, THE WHITE RIDER, SILENT, GRIM AVENGER OF WRONGS, SWIFTER THAN THE WIND, THEY EMERGE FROM THAT STRANGE 'LOST CANYON' TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THE STOUTEST OF EVIL HEARTS.



THE WEEKLY STAGE RACES TOWARD LA PECOS, UNAWARE OF THE DANGER THAT LAYS AHEAD.



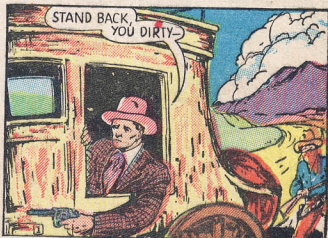
HERE THEY COME, ARCH! — YOU TAKE THE GUARD!

I'LL TAKE HIM YUH JEST WORRY ABOUT THE GOLD!



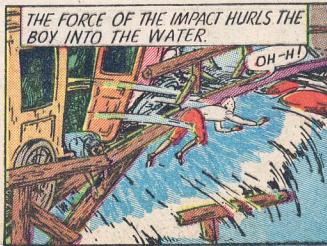
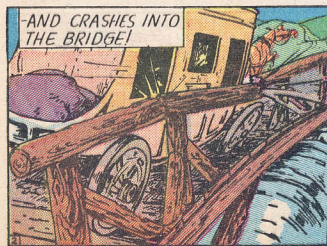
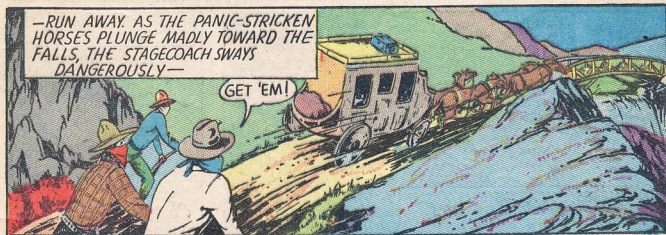
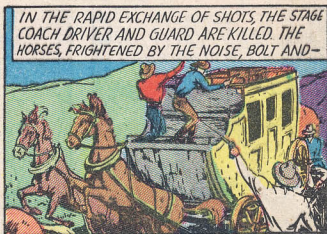
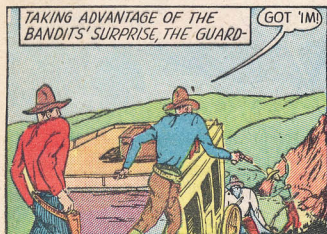
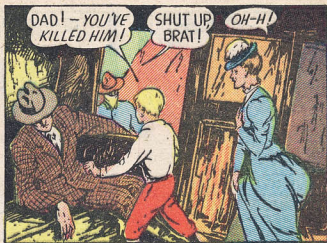
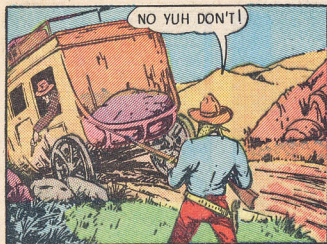
TOSS DOWN THE DUST! — AN' BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

UNNOTICED BY THE BANDITS, ONE OF THE PASSENGERS DRAWS HIS GUN, AND—

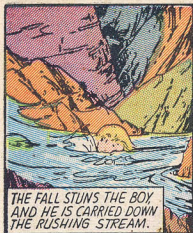


STAND BACK, YOU DIRTY—





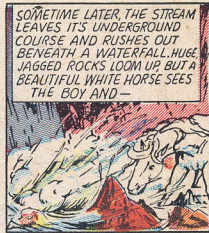




THE FALL STUNS THE BOY AND HE IS CARRIED DOWN THE RUSHING STREAM.



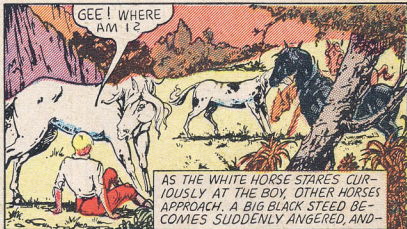
THE STREAM BRANCHES OFF AND ONE PART ENTERS A LARGE CAVERN.



SOMETIME LATER, THE STREAM LEAVES ITS UNDERGROUND COURSE AND RUSHES OUT BENEATH A WATERFALL. HUGE, JAGGED ROCKS LOOM UP, BUT A BEAUTIFUL WHITE HORSE SEES THE BOY AND—

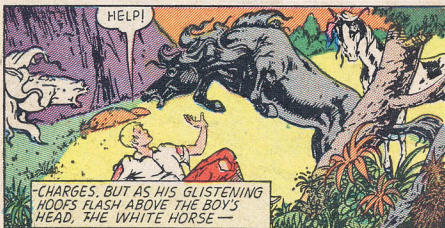


RESCUES HIM JUST IN TIME. IN A FEW MOMENTS THE BOY COMES TO, AND SITS UP TO FIND HIMSELF IN A STRANGE LAND!



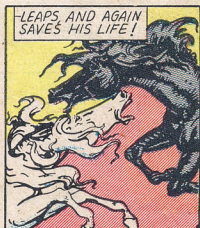
GEE! WHERE AM I?

AS THE WHITE HORSE STARES CURIOUSLY AT THE BOY, OTHER HORSES APPROACH. A BIG BLACK STEED BECOMES SUDDENLY ANGERED, AND—



HELP!

—CHARGES. BUT AS HIS GLISTENING HOOF'S FLASH ABOVE THE BOY'S HEAD, THE WHITE HORSE—

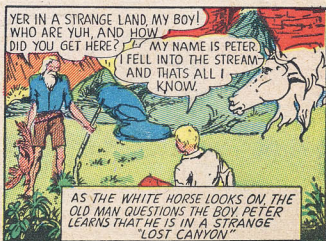


—LEAPS, AND AGAIN SAVES HIS LIFE!



THANKS, FELLOW! I SURE OWE YOU A LOT.

THE OTHER HORSES LEAVE, BUT THE WHITE HORSE STAYS. AS THE BOY STARTS TO RISE, AN OLD MAN APPEARS.

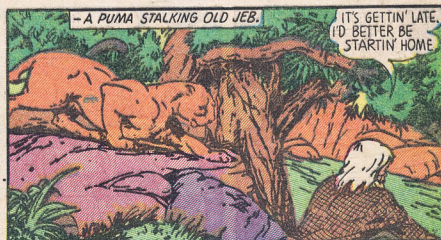
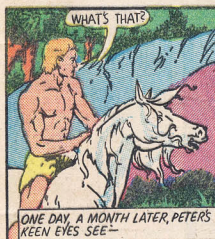
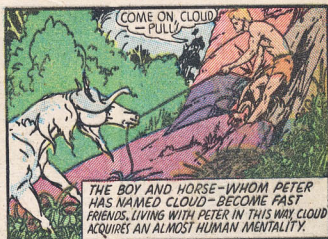
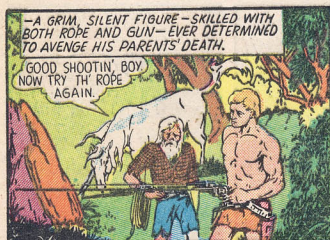
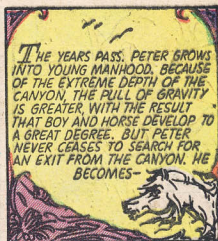


YER IN A STRANGE LAND, MY BOY! WHO ARE YUH, AND HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

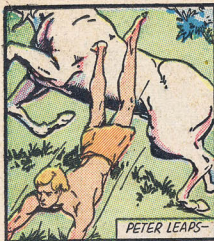
MY NAME IS PETER. I FELL INTO THE STREAM—AND THAT'S ALL I KNOW.

AS THE WHITE HORSE LOOKS ON, THE OLD MAN QUESTIONS THE BOY. PETER LEARNS THAT HE IS IN A STRANGE "LOST CANYON"





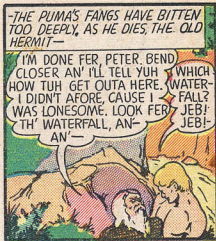




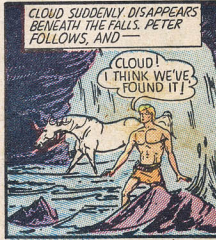
PETER LEAPS—



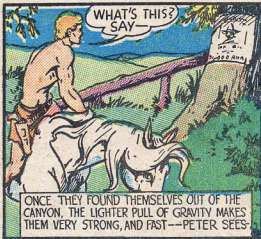
—TEARS THE HUNGRY KILLER FROM THE OLD MAN'S BACK, BUT—



AFTER MUCH SEARCHING, PETER AND CLOUD ARRIVE AT ONE OF THE MANY WATERFALLS THAT THUNDER DOWN INTO THE CANYON.



FOLLOWING THE STREAM ON ITS WINDING COURSE THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN, PETER AND CLOUD REACH THE CIVILIZED WORLD.



ONCE THEY FOUND THEMSELVES OUT OF THE CANYON, THE LIGHTER PULL OF GRAVITY MAKES THEM VERY STRONG, AND FAST—PETER SEES—



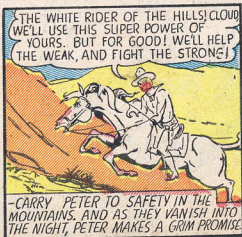
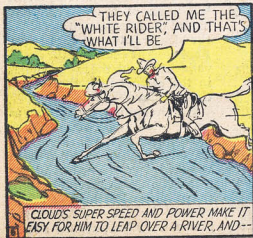
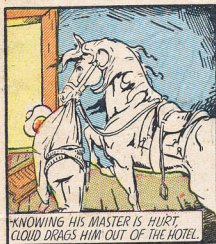
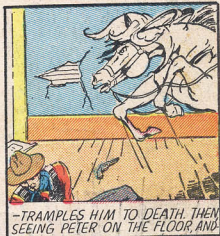
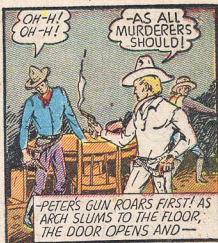
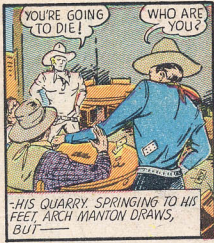
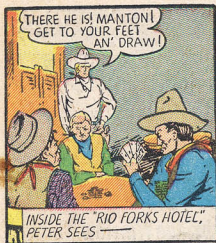
YUH MIGHT FIND MANTON AT THE RIO FORKS HOTEL. BUT THAT'S DANGEROUS COUNTRY—BE CAREFUL. AN YUH, BETTER GET SOME CLOTHES ON YUH.



AFTER FOLLOWING THE SHERIFF'S ADVICE, PETER SETS OUT ON HIS GRIM MISSION.









# SUB-ZERO'S ADVENTURES ON EARTH

By Stockbridge Winslow

**The Strange Man of Space  
Finds It Hard To Get Away  
From The Earth People!**



**S**UB ZERO, the man from Venus, sat dejectedly on the peak of a snow capped mountain. Around him stretched the bleak white mantle of snow. Far below he could see the green valleys through the ragged holes in the eternal mist that veiled the mountain.

His thoughts were gloomy as he recalled the circumstances surrounding his arrival on Earth. The sole survivor of a wrecked space ship! And instead of a warm reception from the people on Earth, he had been greeted by the bullets of the police. Only his uncanny power



*This is the first of a series of startling stories about that extraordinary Man of Frost.*

of controlling extreme cold had saved his life and, yet, everywhere he had gone and everything he had done had brought nothing but trouble and suffering.

A tiny speck travelling fast appeared above the clouds. Sub Zero rose to his feet and watched the approaching plane. The motor roared over his head and then throttled down as the pilot caught sight of him.

The plane banked gracefully and circled while the occupants pressed their faces to the windows.

Sub Zero shook his fist and shouted, "Go away, you fools! Leave me alone!"

With each flip of his arm, bursts of cold flew from his fingers into the air. Ice formed almost instantaneously on one wing of the plane. The motor coughed and stalled, and the ship shuddered like a wounded bird.

Battling with the controls of the falling ship, the pilot managed to keep it from going into a dive. The plane circled clumsily then hit the mountain, smashing the landing gear, but landing upright in the snow.

SUB ZERO gaped at the fallen plane. He hadn't meant to do it any harm. They had annoyed him with their roaring motor, and he wanted to be left alone. He certainly had no intentions of killing them.

With bounding strides, Sub Zero hurried to the plane. As he approached, a woman passenger screamed shrilly. Sub Zero pulled out his atom gun, and fired it into his own body! He immediately became normal, and he knew that he would remain that way until the effect of the rays wore off.

Stepping to the cabin he yanked the door open. Two men and a woman crouched inside.

"Please don't kill us," sobbed the woman.

"Why should I want to kill you?" asked Sub Zero.

"We've heard about you," said the pilot. "You're Sub Zero, the man from Venus, who wants to destroy the Earth."

"That's foolish, I don't want to hurt anyone." And then he added hotly, "Besides it's your own fault you're here. You shouldn't have been so curious."

"But what will we do?" the woman asked.

SUB ZERO stepped back and slammed the cabin door. Cupping his hands, he squeezed his palms together, and the moisture in that handful of air froze solid! Using this as a nucleus, he added more frozen particles of moisture. He worked swiftly and in a few minutes had fashioned a long gleaming toboggan of ice.

The pilot's head popped out of the window. "What do you expect us to do with that?"

"Come out here, and do as I say," snapped Sub Zero as he shot another ray into his body. He knew the pilot would freeze to death if he came near him.

The pilot jumped down on the snow and Sub Zero pointed to the ice sled. "I'll lift the nose of the plane and when I do, you slip the toboggan under, where the wheels should be."

Without waiting for an answer Sub Zero slipped his hands around the motor. The thick muscles rippled in his arms, and his back tightened like a taut bow. The snow crunched away from the fuselage and the plane was off the ground. The toboggan slid beneath the cabin and when the plane came down the jagged, broken landing gear bit into the ice and held fast.

"Now what do you expect me to do?" asked the pilot.

"Wait," snapped Sub Zero and leaped down the mountain. With every step of his flying feet the snow beneath him froze into a glistening ribbon of ice, making a smooth runway. When he had covered a mile, he turned and came back, widening the runway. He paused beside the ship, his chest swelling slightly from the exertion.

"There's your take-off," he said and without waiting for a reply he raised the tail and shoved.

The plane slid along the ice, its speed increasing. Suddenly

its nose came up and it lifted smoothly. Sub Zero watched until it had disappeared in the mist.

Then he started down the mountain. "I must get away from people," he said aloud. "I must have a chance to figure out what I am going to do here on Earth. I recall that there are arctic regions at both poles. I will go north. There I will be alone!"

DAYS later Sub Zero sank exhausted on a sheet of ice. He slept deeply, but was awakened by a rumbling sound. Opening his eyes, he was startled to see a ship crashing through the ice towards him. A gun was mounted on the bow and from its muzzle protruded something that looked like a barbed spear. Still half asleep, Sub Zero watched the ship approach.

The gun roared and belched orange flame and the harpoon leaped towards the chest of the man from Venus.

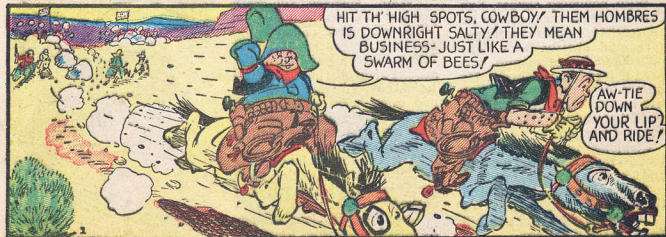
#### HOW WILL SUB ZERO ESCAPE THE DEATH- DEALING HARPOON?

*Another SUB-ZERO  
startling story in the  
next issue of this maga-  
zine.*



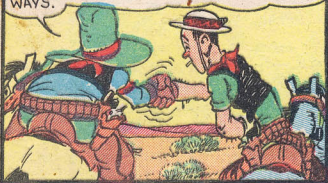
S.G.



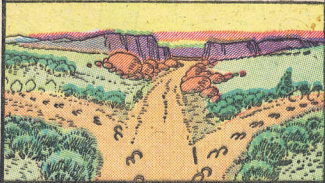




ADIOS, PARD! WE'LL PART COMPANY HERE. MAYBE WE CAN THROW THEM GALLOPIN' GUNSLINGERS OFF US BY GOIN' SEPARATE WAYS.



WE CANT FOLLOW BOTH OF THESE PONY TRACKS. SO LETS TURN OFF TO THE NEAR SIDE AND HAVE A LOOK-SEE.



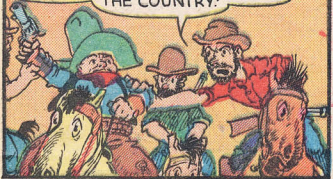
COME ON, CHARLEY HOSS! RATTLE YOUR HOCKS AND VAMOOSE OUTA HERE - MUY PRONTO! THEM HAIRPINS ARE SURE ON TH' PROD!



HEY-PULL UP! WE WANT TO MAKE PALAVER WITH YOU!



WE WANT TO HIRE YOU AND YOUR GUNS TO HELP FIGHT THE COWMEN. THEY'RE TRYING TO DRIVE US SHEEPMEN OUTA THE COUNTRY!



AW, COME ON - JOIN UP WITH US! HELP US RUN THEM COWMEN OFF OUR RANGE!



NO

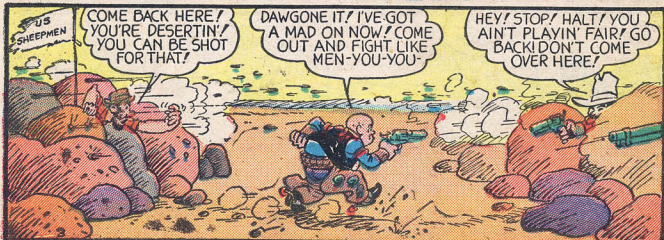
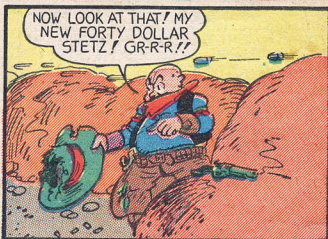
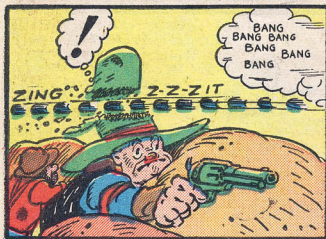
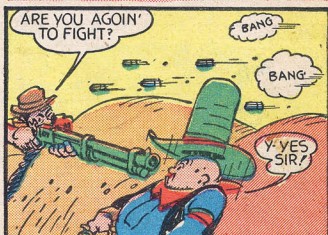
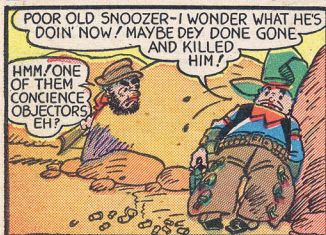
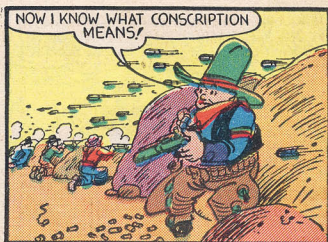
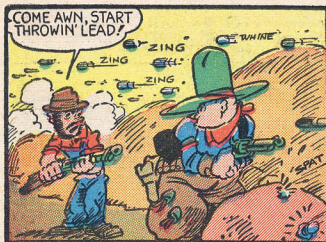
YES!



ALL RIGHT - ALL RIGHT! I'LL GO PEACEFUL LIKE! BUT I WON'T DO NO FIGHTIN' FOR NO DAH-GONE SHEEPMEN. NO HOW!

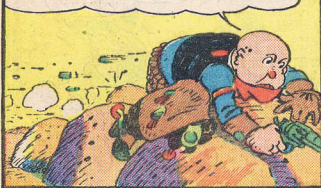




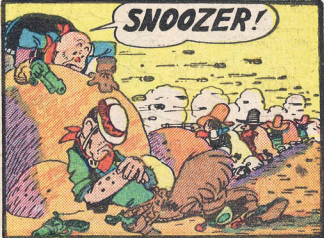




I'M GONNA WORK OVER THAT JASPER BEHIND THIS ROCK. HE'S THE ONE THAT SHOT MY HAT INTO PIECES! GR-R-R-ANT I MAD!!

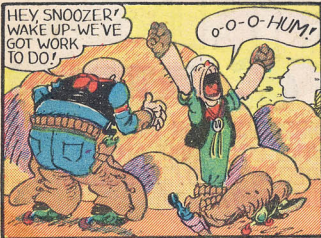


**SNOOZER!**



HEY, SNOOZER? WAKE UP-WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

O-O-O-HUM!

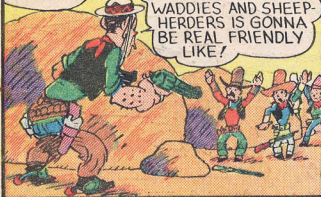


YOU ROUND UP THESE COWMEN AT THE POINT OF A GUN! I'LL ROUND UP THE SHEEPMEN WELL MAKE 'EM LAY DOWN THEIR HARDWARE AND-



DROP YOUR HARDWARE AND MARCH OUT THERE IN

THE OPEN! YOU COW WADDIES AND SHEEP-HERDERS IS GONNA BE REAL FRIENDLY LIKE!



COME ON! AND NO BACK TALK! I'M RAMRODIN' THIS OUTFIT NOW! AND YOU HOMBRES IS GONNA ACT REAL PEACEFUL LIKE.

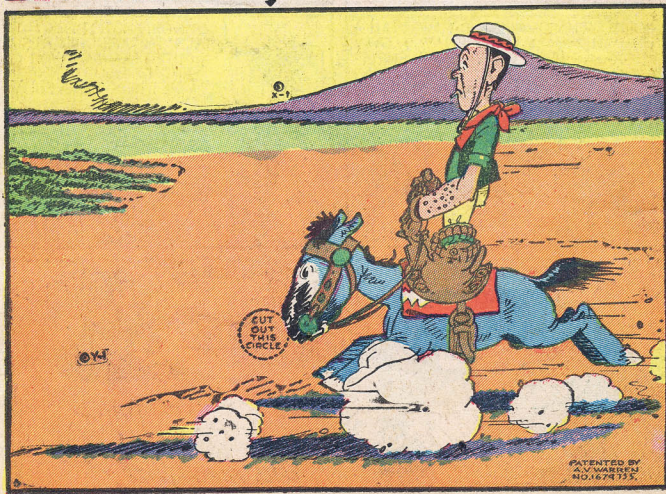
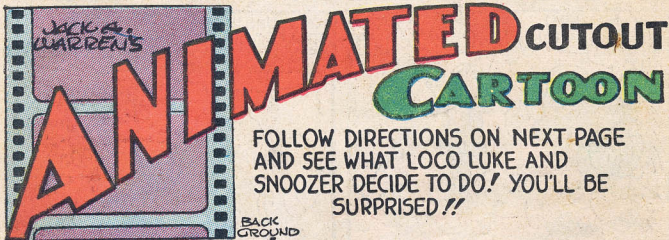
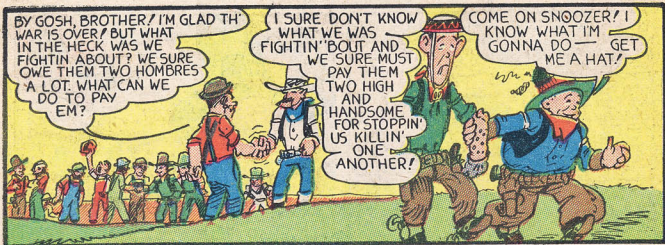


NOW YOU GENTS JUST WALK TOWARD THE COWMEN - SHAKE HANDS AND I MEAN IT!!

YEH, AND NO MORE LEAD SLINGIN'- THE WEST IS BIG-PLenty RANGE FOR YOU BOTH!





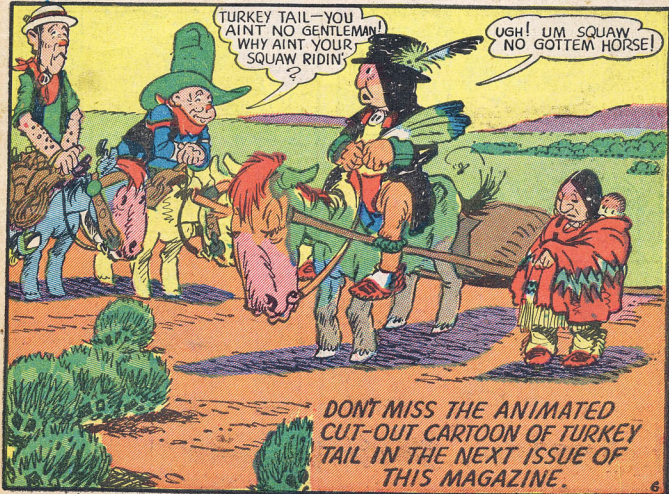
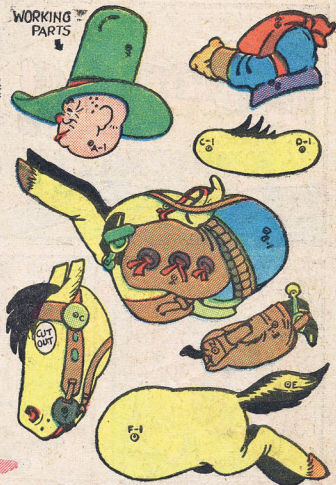




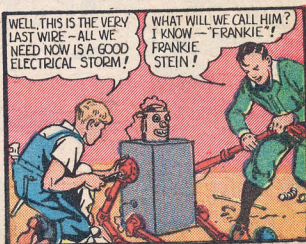
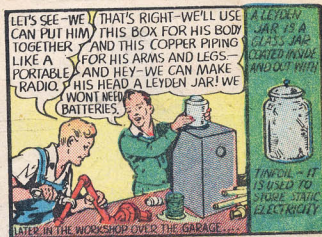
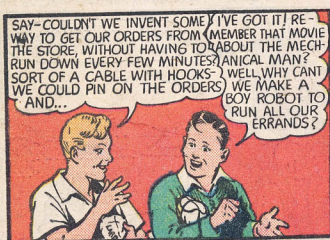
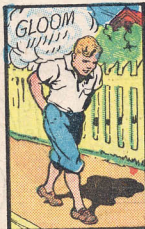
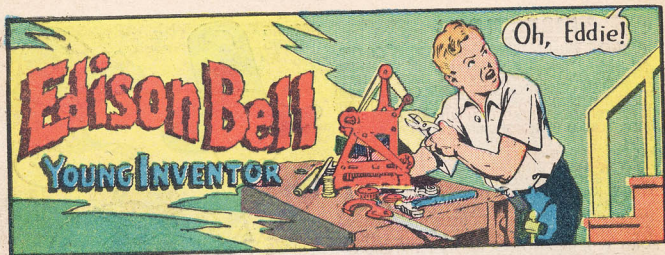
## DIRECTIONS

CUT OUT PANEL MARKED "BACKGROUND" ON OPPOSITE PAGE, THEN CUT OUT PANEL WITH WORKING PARTS ON THIS PAGE. MOUNT THESE WITH PASTE OR RUBBER CEMENT ON STIFF PAPER OR CARDBOARD. CUT OUT WORKING PARTS CAREFULLY. CUT OUT CIRCLE IN EYE ON HORSES HEAD, THEN CUT OUT CIRCLE ON BACKGROUND BY HORSE'S NOSE. THREAD NEEDLE, KNOT THE END OF THE THREAD, AND CUT OFF EXCESS THREAD CLOSE TO THE KNOT. SEW THROUGH POINT "A" THEN POINT "A-1", KNOT THREAD CLOSE TO THE BACK, AND CUT OFF EXCESS THREAD AT THE KNOT. REPEAT THIS AT POINT "B" AND POINT "B-1", POINT "C" AND POINT "C-1", "D" AND "D-1", AND "E" AND "E-1". THEN DOUBLE THREAD, TIE A LARGE KNOT AND SEW THROUGH POINT "F" AND POINT "F-1", TIE ANOTHER KNOT AT THE END OF ABOUT TWO AND A HALF INCHES OF THREAD, AND TRIM OFF EXCESS THREAD AT KNOT. NEXT SEW THROUGH POINT "X" AND POINT "X-1", "Y" AND "Y-1", AND "Z" AND "Z-1" ON BACKGROUND, EACH TIME TRIMMING OFF EXCESS THREAD CLOSE TO THE KNOTS. THEN PULL THE DOUBLE STRAND OF THREAD, AT "F" AND "F-1" THROUGH THE HOLE CUT OUT IN THE BACKGROUND. NOW TURN THREAD AROUND AND AROUND, AND WATCH LOCO LUKE AND SNOOZER IN ACTION.

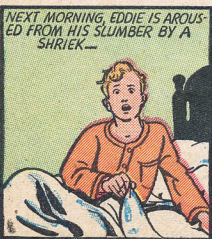
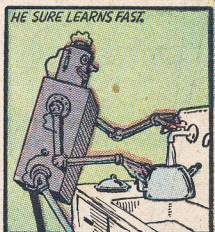
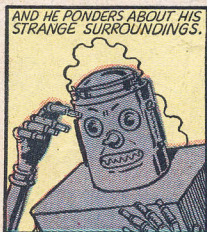
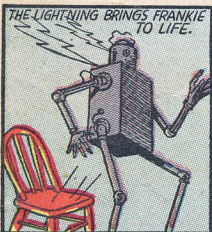
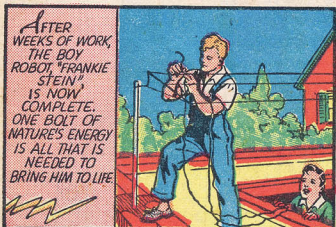
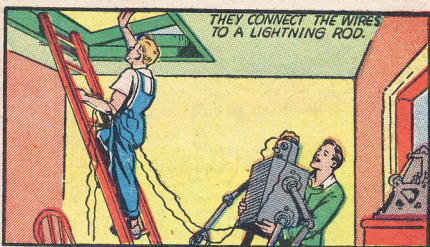
WORKING  
PARTS





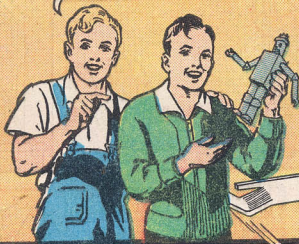




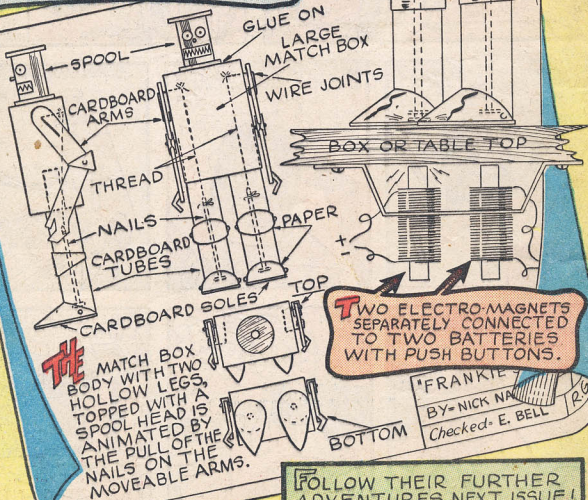




HELLO GANG! HERE'S HOW TO MAKE A MODEL OF OUR PAL, FRANKIE STEIN—JUST LIKE THE MODEL WE'VE SENT TO THE PATENT OFFICE IN WASHINGTON, D. C.!



**M**AKE THIS REAL, HONEST-TO-GOODNESS REMOTE CONTROL ROBOT! SET HIM ON THE TABLE, OR A BOX, WITH TWO ELECTRO-MAGNETS UNDERNEATH.



FOLLOW THEIR FURTHER ADVENTURES NEXT ISSUE!



Streamengineer

# Runaway Ronson

by PAUL GUSTAVSON

AT SAN FRANCISCO .... 'THE ROCKET' .... LATEST AND FASTEST OF STREAMLINED TRAINS STANDS READY TO MAKE HER MAIDEN RUN ACROSS THE CONTINENT....

RUNAWAY, WILL YOU PLEASE LISTEN TO ME?

DON'T BOTHER ME, CHIEF!

STOP WORRYING ABOUT A SPEED RECORD OR IF I'LL BRING THIS PUDDLE-JUMPER SAFELY INTO NEW YORK! I SAID I WOULD..... AND THAT'S FINAL!

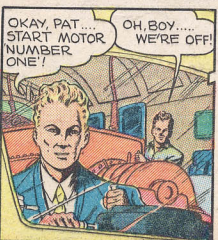
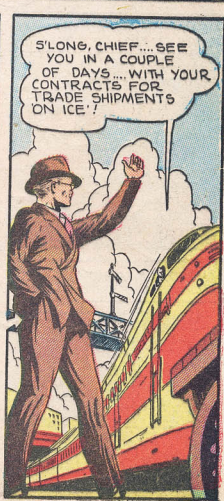
S'LONG, CHIEF.... SEE YOU IN A COUPLE OF DAYS .... WITH YOUR CONTRACTS FOR TRADE SHIPMENTS ON ICE!

I'LL MAKE YOUR COMPETITORS RECORD IN THIS BID FOR TRADE LOOK LIKE SMALL-FRY!

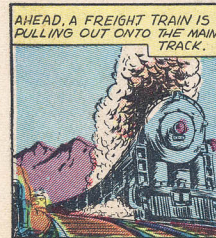
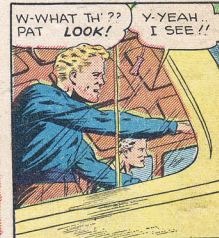
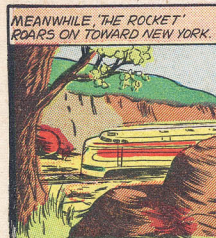
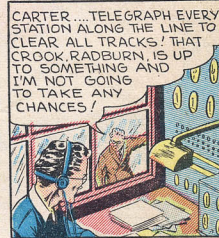
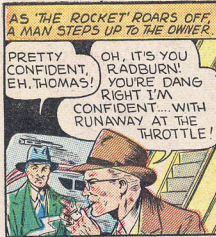
I HOPE SO, RUNAWAY!

OKAY, PAT .... START MOTOR NUMBER ONE!

OH, BOY..... WE'RE OFF!









YOU'LL GET  
KILLED  
RUNAWAY

KEEP THAT  
THROTTLE WIDE  
OPEN, PAT!

RUNAWAY MAKES HIS WAY TO  
THE FRONT OF THE ROCKET  
AND GRACES HIMSELF FIRMLY.

THE LONG ROD  
STRIKES THE  
SWITCH....

AND THE ROCKET IS  
SENT ROARING ONTO  
THE SIDE TRACK NARROWLY  
AVOIDING COLLISION  
WITH THE FREIGHT TRAIN.

RUNAWAY IS THROWN OFF  
BALANCE.... BUT HIS ALERT  
THINKING SAVES HIM FROM  
CERTAIN DEATH!

WOW! THAT  
WAS A  
CLOSE  
CALL!

AS  
RUNAWAY  
REACHES  
THE  
CAB  
AGAIN

THAT SURE WAS  
BRAINY OF THAT  
STATION AGENT! I'D  
LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S  
THE MATTER  
WITH HIM!

BUT... UNKNOWN TO RUNAWAY,  
THE STATION AGENT LIES  
SLUMPED OVER HIS DESK...

HE GOT THROUGH!!  
YEAH .... YOU'LL HAVE  
TO STOP HIM  
NOW!

SEVERAL MILES UP THE LINE, ON  
THE OTHER END OF THE PHONE.

OKAY .... YEAH!! THE  
ROCKET' GOT THROUGH...  
...WE GOTTA MOVE  
FAST!

AS THE MEN RUSH OUT OF THE  
SHACK, THEY PICK UP TORCHES  
SOAKED IN KEROSENE....

A SHORT TIME LATER, CRACKLING  
FIRES START IN THE NEAR-BY  
WOODS.



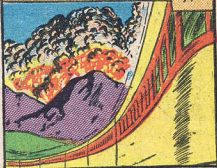
HEH... HEH... HEH! BY THE TIME THE ROCKET REACHES HERE, THE WOODS AROUND THE TRACKS WILL BE BURNING LIKE A BLAST FURNACE!



YEAH... IF RUNAWAY TRIES TO GO THROUGH, IT'LL BE 'SUICIDE'... AN' IF HE WAITS TILL IT'S OVER, HE'LL LOSE SO MUCH TIME 'THE ROCKET' WILL NEVER REACH NEW YORK... AN' WE GET A NICE BONUS FROM RADBURN!



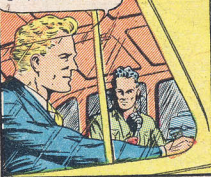
AS THE CRACKLING INFERNO GROWS MORE FURIOUS, 'THE ROCKET' THUNDERS OVER THE RAILS, HEADING DIRECTLY FOR



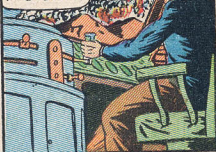
HAVE YOU CONTACTED THAT CRAZY STATION? I CAN'T GET AN ANSWER! THAT FREIGHT I'M GOING TO TRAIN PULL GET IN TOUCH WITH THOMAS OUT IN FRONT OF US? AN' HAVE SOMEONE LOOK INTO IT!



GOOD... I DON'T LIKE THE SMELL OF IT! IT LOOKED TOO MUCH LIKE 'DIRTY-WORK'!



OH, OH! FROM THE LOOKS OF THOSE CLOUDS AROUND THAT MOUNTAIN AHEAD, I'D SAY WE'RE IN FOR A STORM!



STORM?? THERE ARE NO INDICATIONS OF ONE ON THIS WEATHER CHART!

WHAT? PAT - A FOREST FIRE!!



YOU CAN'T TELL ME THIS IS JUST A COINCIDENCE, TOO! THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME OF RADBURN'S WORK! I'LL SETTLE WITH HIM WHEN WE GET BACK FROM NEW YORK!



FROM NEW YORK...? Y-YOU'RE NOT GOING THROUGH THAT FIRE ARE YOU???

YES!



RUNAWAY... YOU CAN'T!! WITH ALL THIS OIL ON BOARD, THE HEAT FROM THAT FIRE WILL BLOW US SKY HIGH!!

FORGET IT! CHECK ENGINE NUMBER TWO AND STAND BY FOR A CONTACT!



AS PAT CHECKS THE SECOND MOTOR OF THE TWIN-DIESEL STREAMLINER, THE TRAIN ROARS INTO THE BLAZING INFERNO.

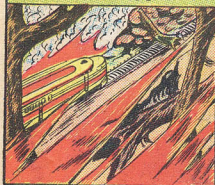


THIS CHROME-STEEL CHASSIS IS GETTING HOTTER AND HOTTER EVERY MINUTE!





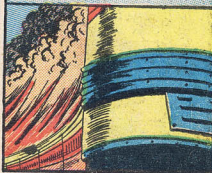
A BURNING TREE FALLS  
ACROSS THE TRACKS IN  
FRONT OF THE ROCKET!



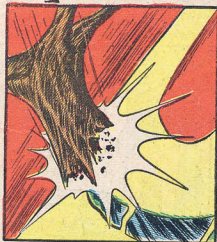
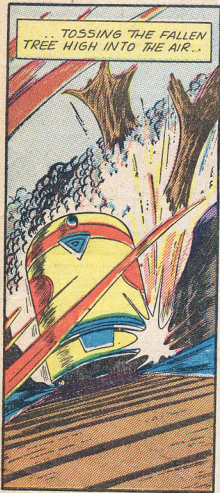
CONTACT,  
PAT!



AS PAT CONTACTS THE SECOND  
DIESEL MOTOR WITH THE FIRST,  
THE ROCKET LEAPS FORWARD  
WITH TREMENDOUS SPEED...



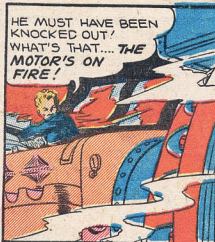
... TOSSING THE FALLEN  
TREE HIGH INTO THE AIR...



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT,  
PAT? PAT??



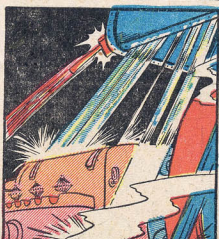
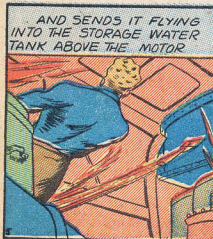
HE MUST HAVE BEEN  
KNOCKED OUT!  
WHAT'S THAT... THE  
MOTOR'S ON  
FIRE!



IN A FLASH, RUNAWAY RIPS  
LOOSE THE EMERGENCY  
FIRE AX.....



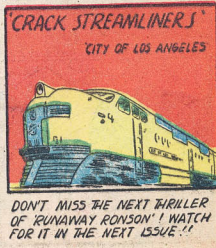
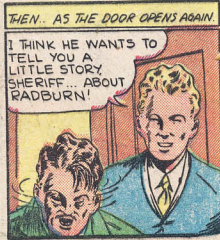
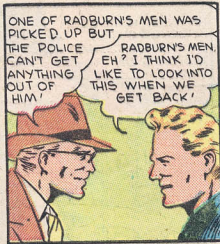
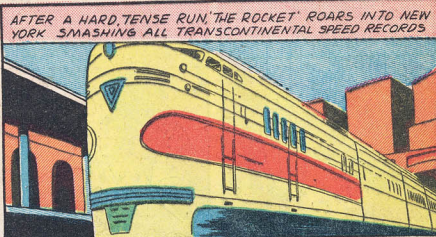
AND SENDS IT FLYING  
INTO THE STORAGE WATER  
TANK ABOVE THE MOTOR



THAT SHOULD HOLD THOSE  
MOTORS UNTIL WE GET OUT  
OF THIS! AH... THE FIRE'S  
GETTING LESS. WE'LL  
BE OUT IN A  
MINUTE!









# The PHANTOM SUB

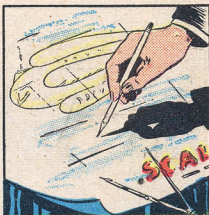
SEEKING YOUNG BLOOD AND FRESH MINDS TO CARRY ON HIS WORK, PROF. BLACKBURN, AGED INVENTOR, TAKES AS HIS ASSISTANTS JACK DAMON AND SLIM DUGAN, GRADUATES OF A WELL KNOWN TECHNICAL SCHOOL. HE HAS PLANS FOR A SUPER-SUB WHICH WILL REVOLUTIONIZE ALL MODERN WARFARE —

by FCS

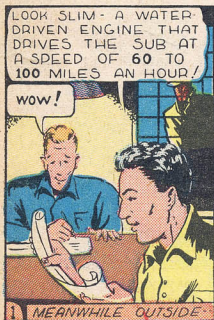


WELL, BOYS - I GUESS MY TIME HAS COME - IT'S UP TO YOU TO CARRY ON -

ON HIS DEATH-BED, INVENTOR BLACKBURN ENTRUSTS ALL HIS PLANS TO THE BOYS -



IN THE LABORATORY, JACK AND SLIM LOOK OVER THE PLANS FOR THIS SO AMAZING INVENTION — THE SUPER-SUBMARINE.



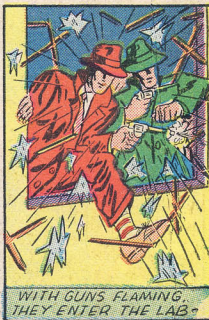
LOOK SLIM - A WATER-DRIVEN ENGINE THAT DRIVES THE SUB AT A SPEED OF 60 TO 100 MILES AN HOUR!

WOW!



WE'LL HAVE TO GET THOSE PLANS RIGHT NOW!

FOREIGN AGENTS PLOT TO SECURE THE PLANS FOR THEIR COUNTRY -



WITH GUNS FLAMING, THEY ENTER THE LAB.





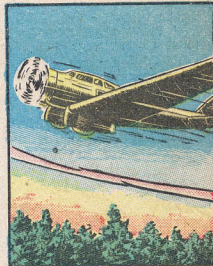
BUT THE BOYS GIVE THEM A TERRIFIC BEATING!



A TRUSTWORTHY CREW IS RECRUITED TO CARRY ON THE CONSTRUCTION WORK.



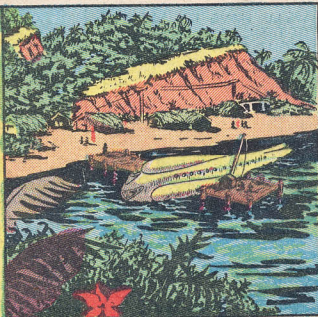
PREPARATIONS ARE RUSHED UNDER COVER OF NIGHT—SUPPLIES ARE LOADED INTO THE PLANE, AND SOON ALL IS READY FOR THE TAKE-OFF



PACKED AND EAGER, THEY SPEED OFF INTO THE DAWN.

MONTHS LATER

MAKING USE OF NATURAL RESOURCES, AND WITH THE BUILDINGS CAMOUFLAGED, TO AVOID DETECTION, THE SUB IS NEARLY COMPLETE—WHEN—



2



A TERRIBLE TYPHOON LASHES THE ISLAND!



ALL THEIR EFFORTS TO HOLD THE CAMOUFLAGE IN PLACE FAIL ----- ONLY HEROIC EFFORTS ON THE PART OF THE MEN SAVE THE SUB FROM DESTRUCTION.



WE'RE LUCKY IT WASN'T ANY WORSE!



THE TYPHOON OVER, THE INJURED ARE TREATED.



IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE.

I GUESS OUR GREATEST LOSS WAS THE TOP COWLING COVER.

INJURIES FORGOTTEN - ALL THOUGHTS ARE CENTERED ON THE SUB - THE WORK MUST GO ON!



THE NEW COWLING IS READY, SLIM.

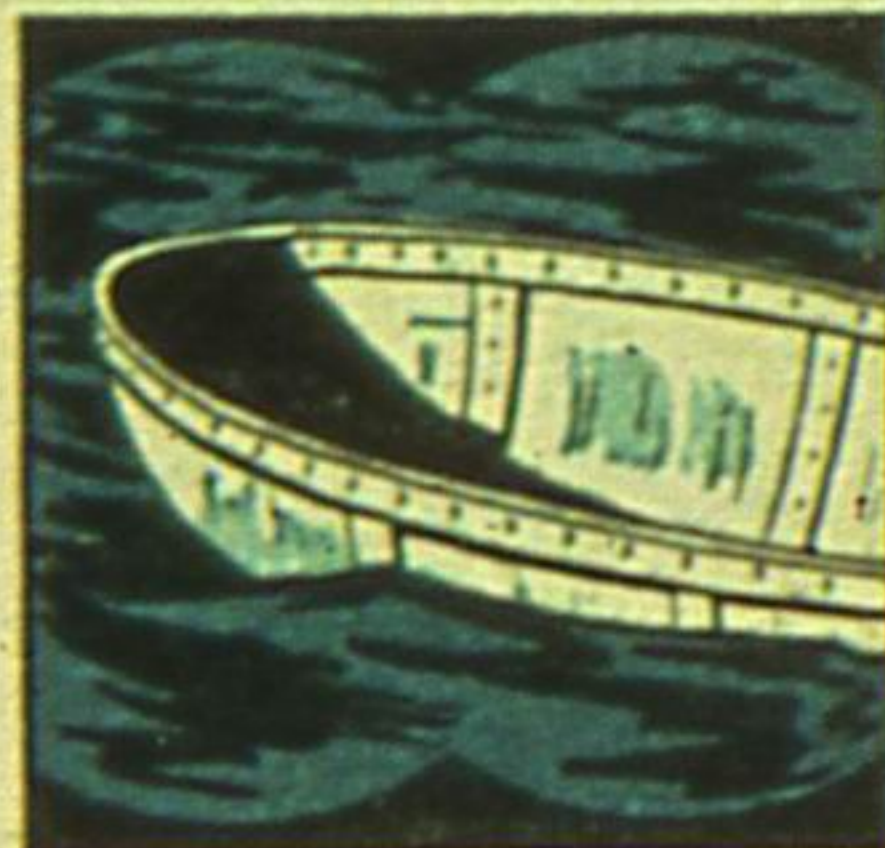
FINE - IT'S ONLY ABOUT TWO HOURS WORK!



NOT MANY MILES AWAY - A PLANE IS CATAPULTED FROM THE DECK OF A FOREIGN WARSHIP.



SEARCHING THE SEA, THE PILOT SEES AN OBJECT OF INTEREST - THE GLASSES SHOW -



IT IS THE COWLING OF THE SUB WHICH THE TYPHOON HAD TORN AWAY - QUICKLY THE PILOT RETURNS TO THE BATTLESHIP TO REPORT HIS FIND -



GOOD! MAYBE OUR SEARCH FOR THOSE AMERICANS AND THAT SUPER-SUB IS NOT IN VAIN

THE COMMANDER ORDERS THE PILOT TO SEARCH THE AREA - - -





EVERYTHING'S READY FOR THE TEST DIVE.

GOOD!

AT LAST, AFTER ALL THEIR WEARY TOIL, THE SUB IS COMPLETED.



THE TESTS ARE PERFECT.



WE'LL USE TIME BOMBS TO GIVE US A CHANCE TO GET AWAY.

OH, JACK.

IN LEAVING, THE BOYS DECIDE TO DESTROY THE ISLAND.



SO THIS IS IT!

THE SCOUT PLANE DISCOVERS THE ACTIVITY ON THE ISLAND.



CALLING M.S. URANIA

THE PILOT FLASHES THE NEWS TO THE SHIP.

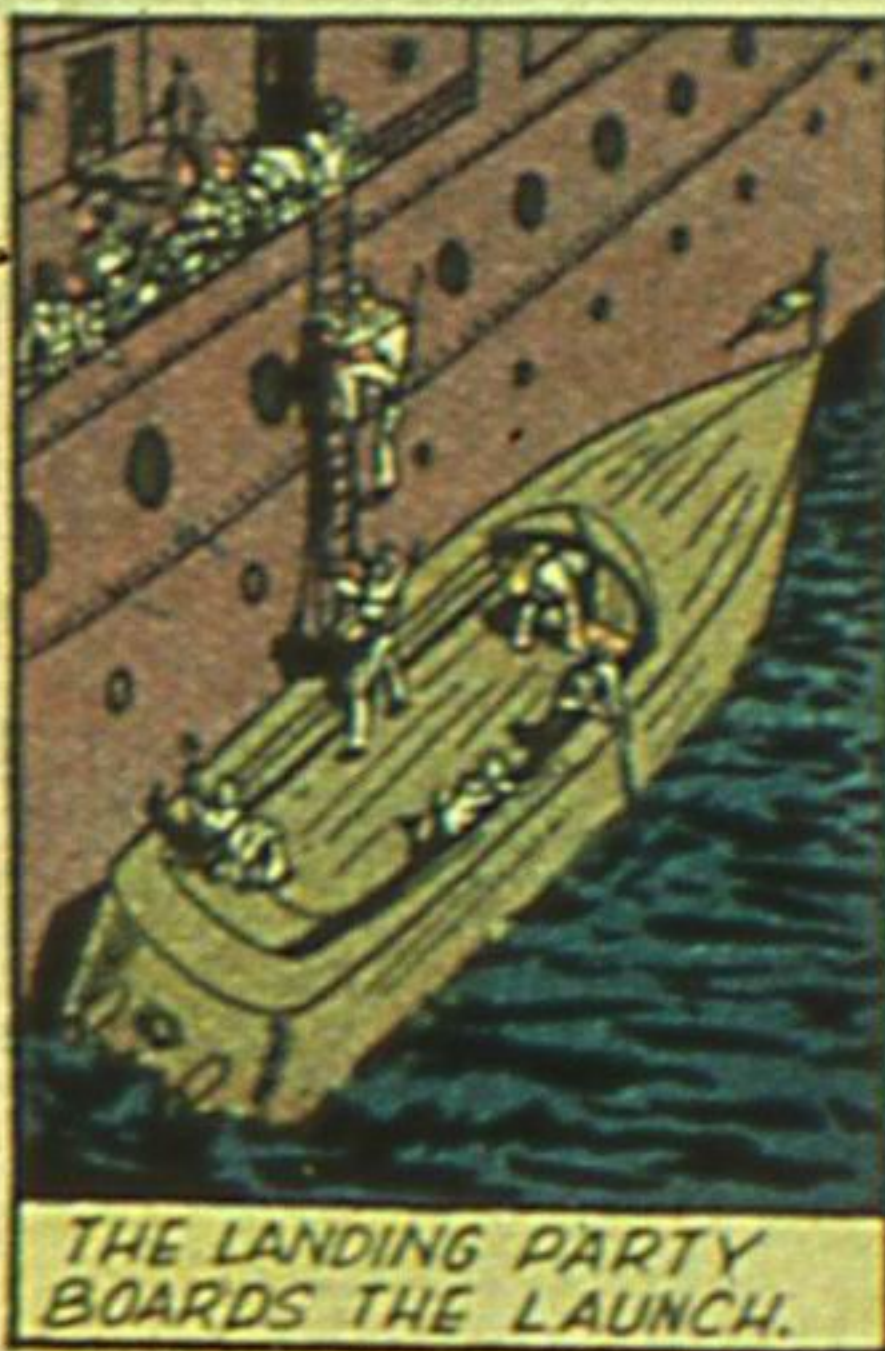


IT'S THE SUB! WE CAN'T FAIL IN GETTING IT THIS TIME.



LIEUTENANT, TAKE A LANDING PARTY AND DON'T FAIL!!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



THE LANDING PARTY BOARDS THE LAUNCH.



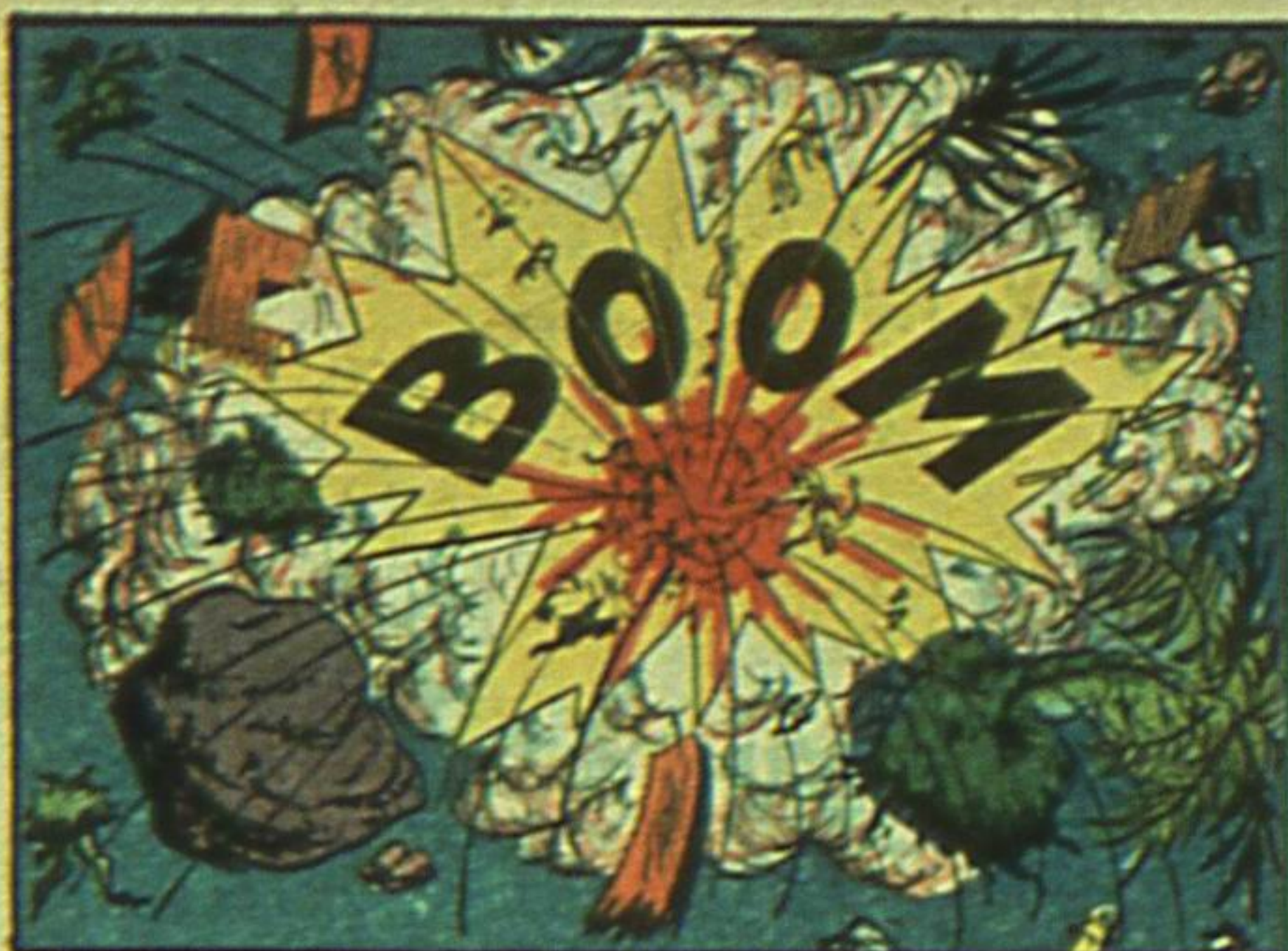
WHILE AT THE ISLAND

WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED.











BOYS! \$ \$ WIN \$ \$ GIRLS!

# 25 CASH PRIZES

JUST WRITE A LETTER AND TELL US WHY YOU LIKE "BLUE BOLT"



IT'S FUN,  
AND SO  
EASY!

**WIN THIS  
EASY MONEY  
!!!**



## 25 Cash Prizes

### FOR WINNING LETTERS

1st Prize . . . . .	\$10.00
2nd Prize . . . . .	\$5.00
3rd—5th Prizes . . .	\$3.00
6th—8th Prizes . . .	\$2.50
9th—14th Prizes . . .	\$2.00
15th—25th Prizes . .	\$1.00

**TWENTY FIVE CASH  
PRIZES IN ALL!**

This is the first issue of **BLUE BOLT** a companion cartoon-strip magazine to **TARGET COMICS** and we want you to help us make **BLUE BOLT** like **TARGET COMICS** the best magazine on the market.

We are giving twenty-five (25) Cash Prizes to the boys or girls sending in the twenty-five best letters telling us why they like **BLUE BOLT** magazine, together with the coupon at the bottom of this page properly filled out.

First Prize of \$10.00 will go to the boy or girl sending in the best letter, the second prize of \$5.00 will go to the next best letter, and so on until all of the twenty-five prizes are awarded. Neatness and originality will count in the judges' decision. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. No letter will be returned, and all letters will become the property of **BLUE BOLT** magazine. The judges' decision will be final. Write your name and address clearly on the letter, and on the coupon. Mail your letter and coupon to **BLUE BOLT** 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., no later than June 12th, 1940. Get busy now—and win some vacation money! Winners will be promptly announced—and you may be one of the lucky winners!

## I LIKE THESE BLUE BOLT FEATURES BEST:

I have read EACH feature listed below, and have placed a check mark in the square alongside of the three features I like the best in the magazine. I am also writing a letter telling why I read **BLUE BOLT** magazine, and what I'd like to see in the next issues.

- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> FANTOM SUB              | <input type="checkbox"/> CAPTAIN HAWKINS' TALE       | <input type="checkbox"/> EDISON BELL                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DICK COLE               | <input type="checkbox"/> WHITE RIDER AND SUPER HORSE | <input type="checkbox"/> "RUNAWAY" RONSON                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PAGE PARKER AIR HOSTESS | <input type="checkbox"/> PONY TRACKS                 | <input type="checkbox"/> BLUE BOLT                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SUB-ZERO MAN            | <input type="checkbox"/> ANIMATION                   | <input type="checkbox"/> SUB-ZERO'S ADVENTURES ON EARTH (Fiction Story) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SERGEANT SPOOK          |  |   |

(Check three features only. Then write your letter about those three.)

PRINT NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
YOUR STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
CLEARLY TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Send this coupon, with your letter, to **BLUE BOLT**, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., no later than June 12th, 1940. The sooner the better. You may win one of the many prizes!





# BOY! LOOK AT THESE BARGAINS!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

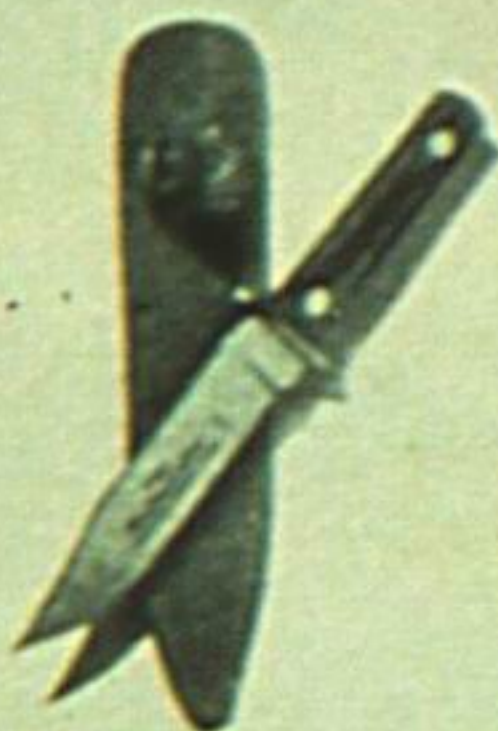
HAVE FUN AND SAVE BY BUYING THROUGH TREASURE HOUSE.

MO 101

## OUR SPECIAL CAMP KNIFE AND SHEATH

75c

Blade about 5" long from guard to point, tempered carbon steel, keen cutting edge. Handle 3 1/2" long made of bone securely fastened to steel handle with brass rivets. Sheath heavy top grain leather — saddle tan color. Securely sewn and riveted. Safety snap loop for handle to prevent loss.



All items are guaranteed to be of first quality and will reach you in good order otherwise we'll refund your money. The prizes are real bargains and shipments will be made to you without delay. Make your friends envious and start your treasure house by buying quality merchandise at the right price from TREASURE HOUSE.

MO 110

## THE MYSTERY BOYS AND CAPTAIN KIDD'S MESSAGE 25c

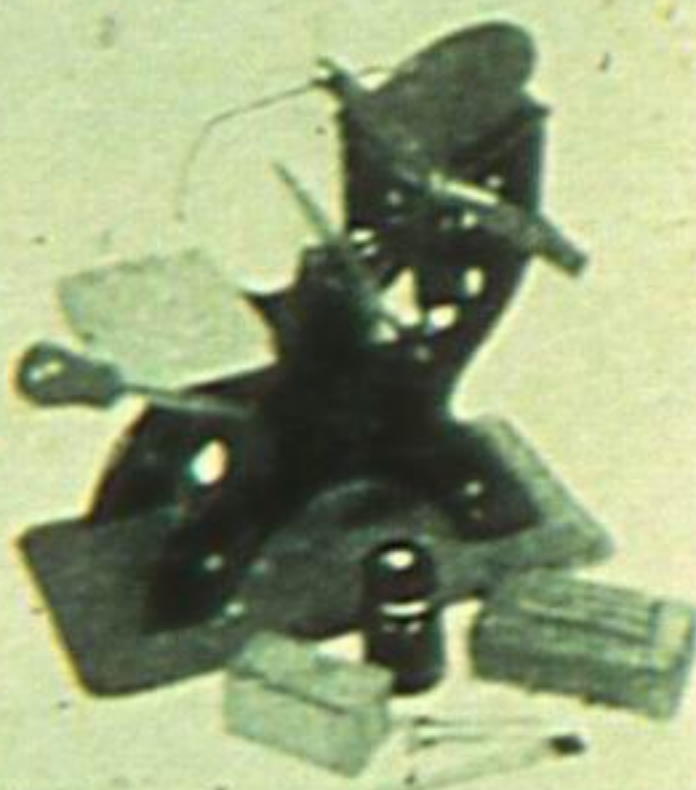
Mystery — adventure — real, live, pulsating stories of modern youngsters in their search for diversion and recreation. If you want to read real adventure stories, read the MYSTERY BOYS SERIES from the first volume through to the last. Other volumes are: THE MYSTERY BOYS AND THE INCA GOLD, THE MYSTERY BOYS AND THE CHINESE JEWELS, THE MYSTERY BOYS AND THE GOLDEN SUN, THE MYSTERY BOYS AND THE HINDU TREASURE. All 25c each.



MO 108

## Little MASTER PRINTING PRESS \$1.00

Constructed of steel in 3 color finish as illustrated. Fully equipped with:  
Automatic inker  
Steel ink plate  
Solid rubber roller  
Font of 12 point metal type  
Ink and brush  
Paper and instructions  
Easy to set—Simple to operate. Weight approx. 2 1/2 lbs. each.



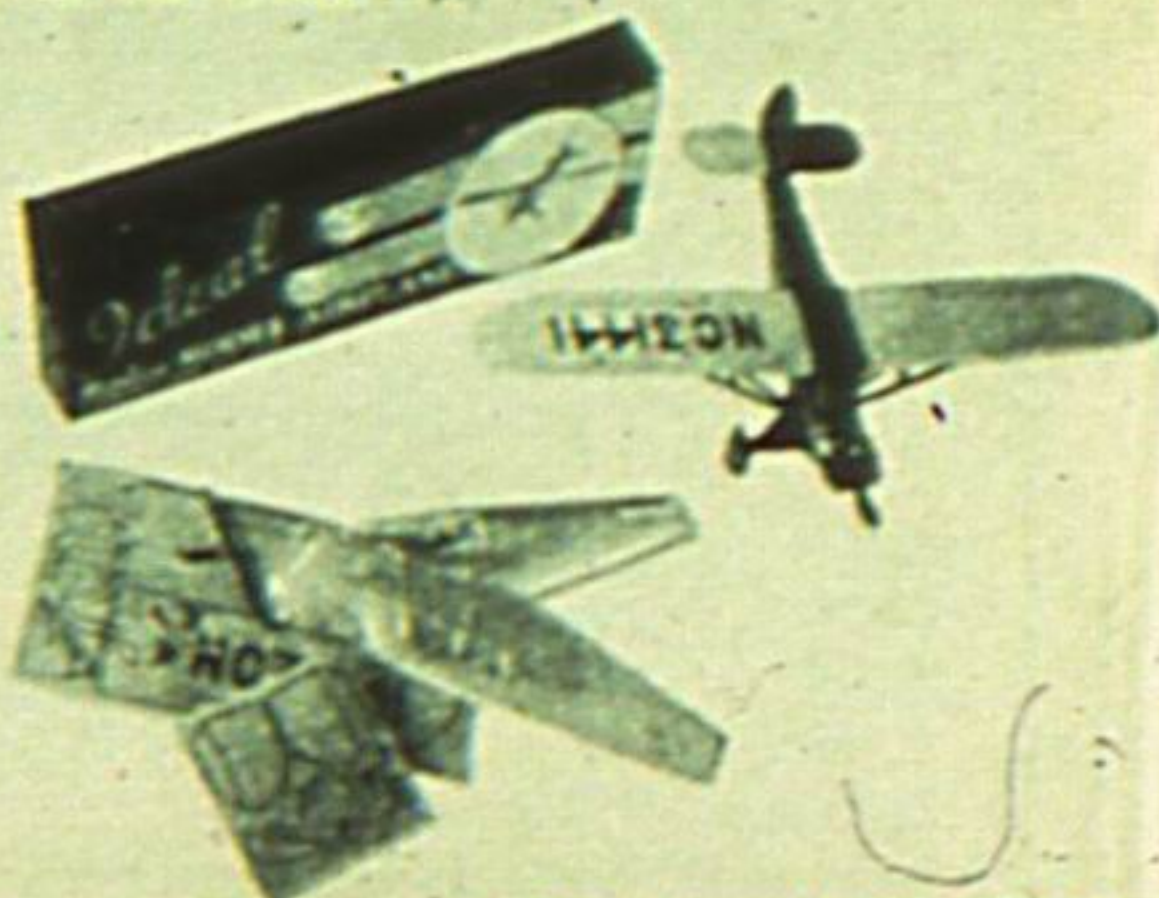
MO 109 \$2.00

The same appearing press with better quality throughout, height about 10 1/2", weight about 5 pounds, pure gum rubber roller and standard metal type that will print on large sheets, complete with chase, ink, type brushes and paper.

MO 111

## REARWIN SPEEDSTER WITH MOLDED FUSELAGE—25c

This is a model airplane construction set which when made up is a replica of the famous Rearwin Speedster. The molded fuselage makes model building easy and makes a much nicer finished ship.



MO 112

## JOE DI MAGGIO SWEATSHIRT AND CAP \$1.00

Hey, fellows, you'll want this Joe Di Maggio's outfit with his picture on cap and shirt. It's the real thing that will make your pals' eyes pop with envy. Shirt sizes 4 to 14 years, cap 4 1/2 to 7. Be sure to state your size when ordering.



MO 113

## Mortimer Snerd or Baby Snooks DOLL—\$1.25 Each

Fun for young and old! Flaky dolls, the doll of a thousand poses. Set 'em up in many different forms. Unbreakable so you don't have to treat them gently. Will you get a kick out of these comic cut-ups!



MO 114

Send Your Order and Remittance to,

**Treasure House** Dept.  
115 West 19th Street  
New York, N. Y.

NOVELTY PRESS INC.